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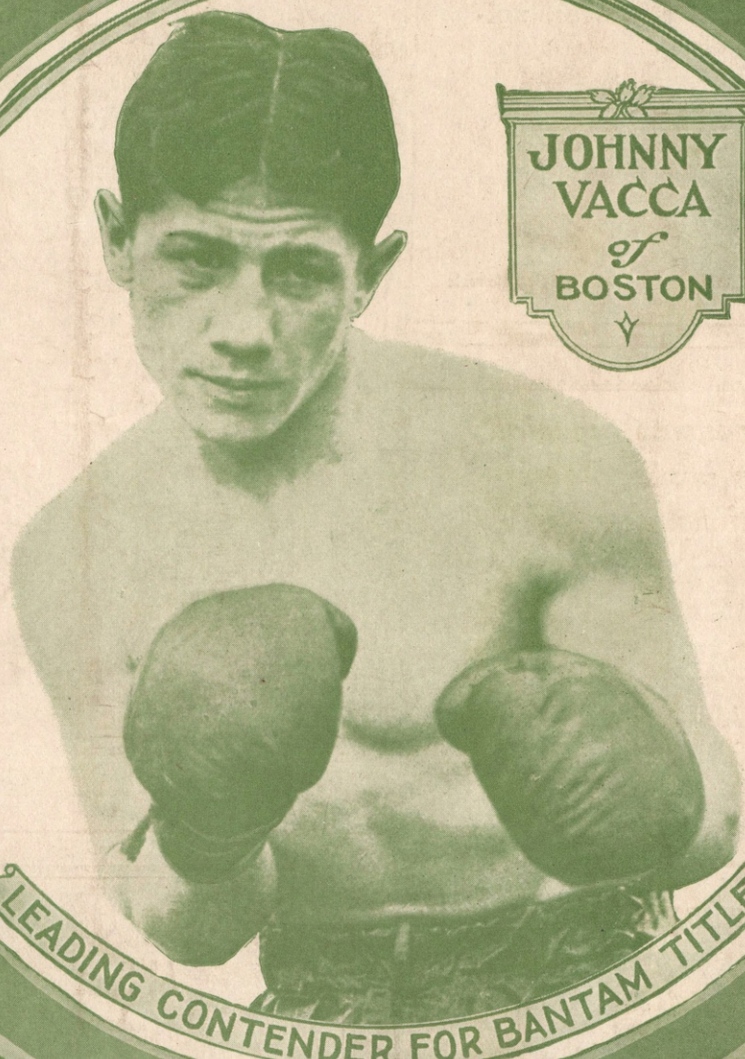

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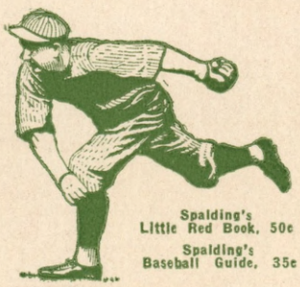

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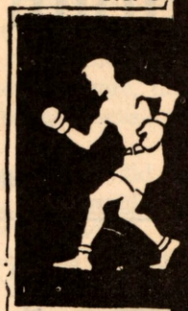

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Table of Contents

John Francis Kelly, "The Scranton Pine Knot"—By Lieut. Heinie Miller... 4
Poking Fun at the Boxers, a Cartoon—By Lank Leonard..... 6
Europe in Throes of Boxing Craze—By Nat Fleischer..... 7
Pyschology Bug Takes Hold on Tommy Loughran—By Anne Laurence..... 10
"1927" (Verse)—By Norman Daly..... 11
Another Wild Bull of the Pampas—By Jack Kofoed..... 12
Environment and Ring Champions—By George Underwood..... 13
Johnny Vacca, Organ Grinder, Gains Fame Overnight—By Francis Albertanti 16
Funny Happenings in the Ring—By J. A. Whyte..... 18
Berlenbach's Rise to Fame—By John L. (Ike Dorgan)..... 19
Indentification Photo Contest..... 20
As We See It—Editorial—By Nat Fleischer..... 22
In a Lighter Vein—By Daniel M. Daniel..... 24
Griffo Greatest Lightweight—By Edward E. Williams..... 25
In Our Question Box—By Francis Albertanti..... 26
Spider Kelly a Great Second—By Hype Igoe..... 28
Boxing in Europe—By Sparrow Robertson..... 29
New York Boxing Notes..... 30
Boxing Gossip From Near and Far..... 32

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John Francis Kelly, the "Scranton Pine Knot"

By LIEUT. HEINIE MILLER

Editor, "Our Navy" Magazine, Former Feather and Lightweight Champion of the Far East

Heinie Miller

JOHN FRANCIS KELLY is dead!

That, I know, does not mean a thing to readers of "The Ring," but let me tell what sort of a man's man was John Francis Kelly. He-men will be glad to read about him.

The news of Kelly's death comes to me from Scranton, Pa., on a laconically worded picture post card reading:

"You will regret to learn that John is dead. He was killed some time ago with the French Foreign Legion fighting against the Riffs in Africa. We just learned of it."

John Francis Kelly was a "roughneck" who ate his peas with his knife, and once, in Weisman's Restaurant in Hongkong, ordered the China boy to "bring me a plate of that there *tiffin* you have advertised." Kelly could probably not have told you the names of many Presidents of the United States, nor many of the capitals of countries or states, but John Francis Kelly was a man among men.

I FIRST met John Francis Kelly when he was a master at arms, a ship's "cop," on board the old U. S. gunboat Wilmington, doing duty in Chinese rivers back in 1907. In those days Kipling truly applied "where the best is like the worst and there are no ten commandments."

The Far East was a land with the virtues of heaven rubbing shoulders with the sinning of hell. Albeit, the California days of '49 seemed to have moved across the Pacific and into North China.

In those days the U. S. Navy was not what it now is. The men of those days were rougher, tougher and harder to handle. The Asiatic Fleet was the toughest of the three fleets and the "hard-boiled" gentry found their way to the Asiatic. Once in that Fleet a further process of elimination took place. The toughest of the lot went to the destroyers or the river gunboats. The Wilmington had the record of being the "rollingest ship in the Navy" and her crew as rough and ready as they came.

And of all that crew John Kelly was rated the toughest. The toughest on the ship and the toughest in the Far East. The civilian population of the Far East in 1907 asked no questions. None of them were out there for their health. They had other reasons, and they, too, were hair-triggered and ready to argue on slight provocation.

THE Navy men in the Asiatic Fleet were not up to the polish and the regulation of the larger home fleets. They paid but scant attention to the rules in the Navy's "blue book," but they were sweethearts to have around in a pinch—IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN!

One night, in the old Orpheum Theatre in Manila—a sort of glorified beer and music hall—a battle broke out between American and British sailors.

Kelly mounted the rostrum and, in stentorian tones, announced that he could "lick any man in the house." A big 200-pound Britisher, named Red Harvey, accepted the defi and the subsequent battle took place in the Calle Escolta, on the cobbles of mid-street.

There were no ring rules. Harvey punched Kelly over, sat a-straddle of him and punched him some more. Kelly muttered, "I like this. Now I can EAT my way out." He butted Harvey between the eyes with his forehead and knocked the Britisher out.

PRIOR to entering the Navy, Kelly had served in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police in the days when that outfit meant real action. Later he did four years in the Marine Corps and had a pippin of a fighting good time before the walls of Peking.

The World War had him itching. He did not wait for the United States' entry into hostilities. Rather he went overseas with the Canadian "Ladies from Hell." I had always wanted a picture of John Kelly in kilts. But he could fight in any sort of raiment. He won all the hero medals Britain and the Allies had to give out.

The crew called him "Honest John Kelly, the Steam-Roller man" and "The Scranton Pine Knot."

He Was That Tough!

One day a shipmate named White, the ship's carpenter's mate, came on board obviously under the influence of "knock-out drops." They did those tricks on the Asiatic Station in those days. It was Kelly's duty, as master at arms, to take White to the sick bay. On the way to the doctor, White mumbled something about having been "rolled on shore."

Kelly went ashore without further ado. Shortly he returned and handed White his money. He did not tell about the rough and tumble battle against odds necessary to retrieve "the roll." No man could rob Kelly's friend without an argument from Kelly. He was funny that way.

An Incident Recalled

CAME time when a lad whom I'll call Smith, because that is *not* his name, and he is a full fledged lieutenant in the regular Navy now, was to be tried by general court martial for assaulting a marine patrol at Cavite in the Philippines. Now, slamming a patrol on shore means two years on the rock pile in Cavite naval prison.

Smith had imbibed too freely of the cup that cheers. He was not a drinker and did not know how to handle the stuff. But it happened to be his last night on the Asiatic and he decided to celebrate with a fitting farewell. On the morrow, he was to sail for San Francisco on special order of the Secretary of the Navy for immediate discharge. He was to hasten home to a dying mother, hence the discharge ahead of the usual four-year period. Smith was guilty and the whole crew knew it.

The day of the general court martial found Kelly in the court room. "Sick mothers must not have sons in far-away jails," figured Kelly, and, forthwith, swore by all that was holy, that it was he who had slammed the marine patrol. Kelly even described with great detail how he had bounced a billiard cue off the marine's head.

As If Kelly Needed a Billiard Cue!

Smith went home, Kelly went to jail. He was that sort. Here was a real roughneck for you. His grammar was terrible

and his manners were worse, but a squarer, whiter, bigger-hearted and more honest shipmate never trod a deck.

I OFTTIMES wish there were more John Kellys in this world.

John Francis Kelly killed fighting for France in Africa!

What business had he over there? None at all. No more than he had in the Northwest Mounted. He loved to seek the going where it was rough and heavy.

And I'll wager that among his comrades of the French Foreign Legion, be their nationality and tongue what it may, John Kelly stood out as the best "comrade" of them all.

And I'll bet he died with a wide Irish smile on his freckled face.

John Kelly probably never attended church in his life, but I'd hate to gamble against his not being taken care of in the Hereafter.

The United States Navy is full of great shipmates. I revere the friendships of hundreds of them. But down through the years of service each man, no doubt, holds sacred the memory of his one BEST friend. With me that niche is filled for all time with the memory of John Francis Kelly. He was a *man!*

Rowed With Ship's Crew

KELLY pulled stroke oar in the ship's race boat, a twelve-oared affair that rowed over the sun-blistered three-mile course of Manila Bay. He nearly broke the backs of the oarsmen behind him. I know, because he almost broke mine. His crews were never beaten.

At baseball he caught behind the bat without mask or breast protector. He played a great game on the line at football and played every game in his BARE FEET! He always picked the going where it was roughest.

Kelly was red-headed, squat, freckled and supremely Irish.

One day an argument arose with a burly negro on the docks at Singapore. Kelly tried to move the big fellow along. The latter showed fight and began to butt. Kelly butted with him and we packed the darkie out, feet first.

In those days as now, boxing was the Navy's most popular sport. Instead of the six-round bouts now deciding fleet belts, we had twenty-round affairs. There had been a fake fight for a side bet in Manila, while Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans was Fleet commander. The man who should have won "layed down." The two miscreants were "beached," kicked out for the good of the service.

Evans immediately issued a Fleet general order to the effect that all ring contestants would box on a winner take all basis.

About that time I fought a little Englishman named Charley Johnson, from Her Majesty's gunboat "Merlin," for the Far Eastern feather title. It was a twenty-round affair in the Theatre Royal, City Hall, Hongkong, and a goodly crowd was there.

The winner was to get $250, the loser three cheers. I won in five rounds. Kelly was my manager and trainer and had forgotten more about inside boxing than a lot of present day self-confessed wise guys will ever know.

After the fight Kelly came to me and handed me $750. "How come the extra $500?" I asked Kelly.

"I borrowed $1,000 from L. Charles, the Chinese compradore," replied Kelly, and bet it. Here's your share." He was that sort of a guy, was Kelly.

Fight For Far Eastern Title

I SHALL never forget the fight with Jimmy Dwyer, for the Far Eastern lightweight title. It was for forty-five rounds with four-ounce gloves. I could hit in those days and I did hit Dwyer hard and straight and often "right on the old button." But all that fell was my own confidence. I took thirteen straight knockdowns—real ones, too—in four rounds.

And John Kelly, in my corner, kept drumming away: "Keep on getting up and it will make him show his 'streak.'" I got up after each fall, but Jimmy Dwyer had no streak.

When I finally connected with one flush in the solar plexis, one that caught Dwyer taking a breath and sank in six inches, I reeled to my corner, a winner. A winner with a flattened nose, wide open eyebrows pouring gore, three teeth gone, an ear like a baseball and two smashed ribs.

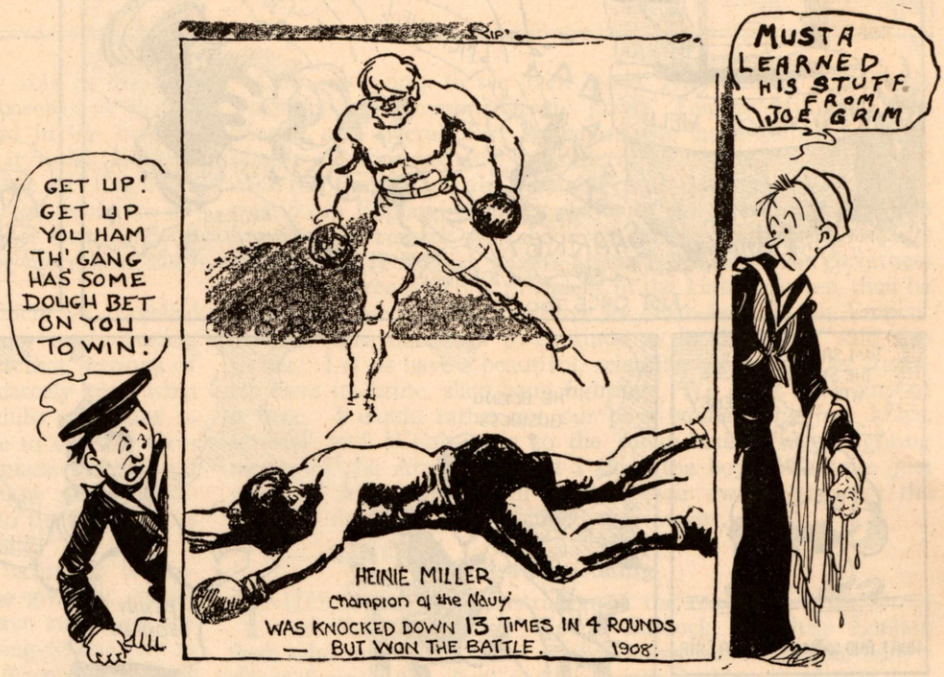
The crowd howled and did the back-slapping business. They would have done the same for Dwyer had he won. But the man who had bet his last red cent and borrowed more would have patted my back and carried me out even had I lost. That was John Kelly. That night it was John Kelly who made me whip a better man than I was. I knew it and Dwyer knew it.

Navy men always backed their athletes. Winning meant that the athlete shared in the winnings of his shipmates. Losing gamely meant a pat on the back, though the whole ship was stone broke. Showing the white feather or the so-called "yellow streak" meant that the athlete concerned might as well pack his bag and keep going. Quitters did not survive.

John Francis Kelly knew no rules.

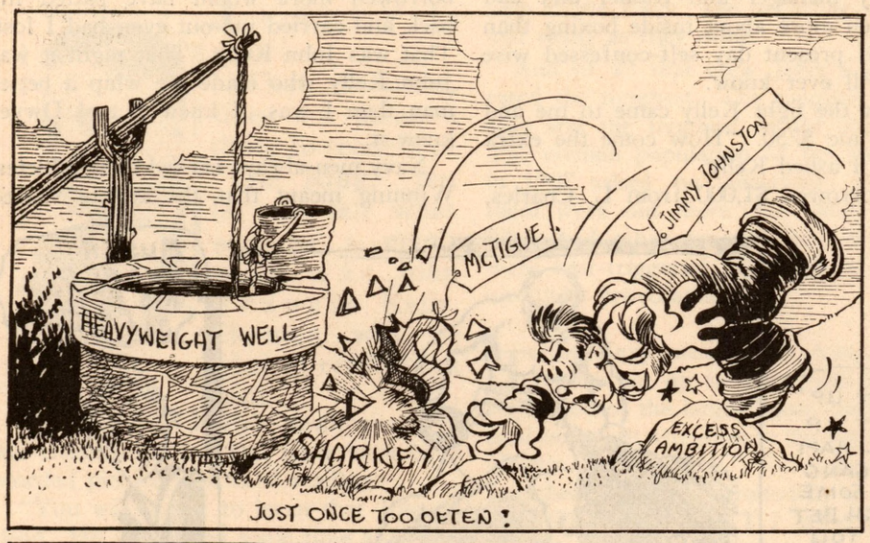
One night I saw him standing off some ten big Englishmen in "The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle Bar" in Hongkong. Kelly was sitting on the bar, firmly grasping the upper rail with his hands while he boxed with his feet. Left jab, right hook, straight right, left hook! He could handle those feet better than most fellows handle their hands.

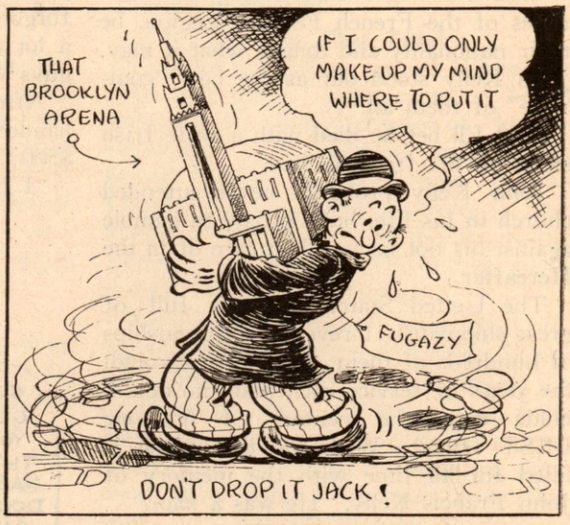
What a "Prince of WHALES" HE was in an argument!

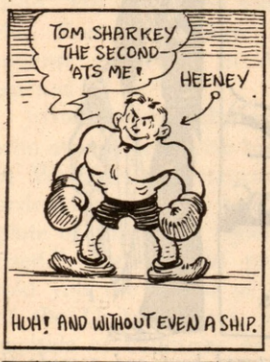


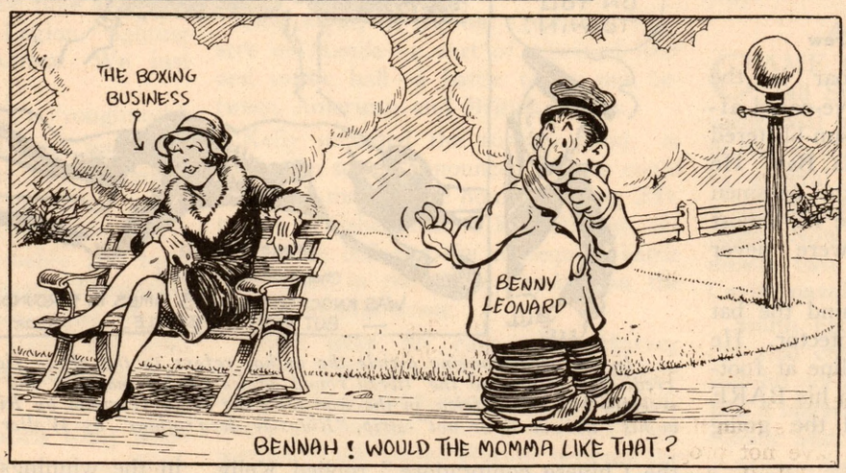
In the accompanying article the author refers to the above pictured bout and accords the credit for victory to the 'tween round advice of his manager and second, John Francis Kelly, recently killed in Africa, in the war with the Riffs (cartoon by Ripley in the New York Post in his "Believe it or not" strip, "Ringside decorations" by Walter Munson, Navy cartoonist.)

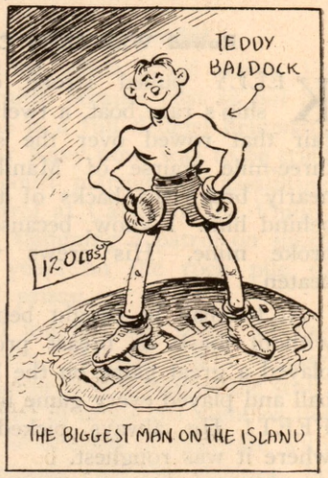
POKING FUN AT THE BOXERS
BY LANK LEONARD


HEAVYWEIGHT WELL
McTIGUE
JIMMY JOHNSTON
SHARKEY
EXCESS AMBITION
JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN!


THAT BROOKLYN ARENA
IF I COULD ONLY MAKE UP MY MIND WHERE TO PUT IT
FUGAZY
DON'T DROP IT JACK!

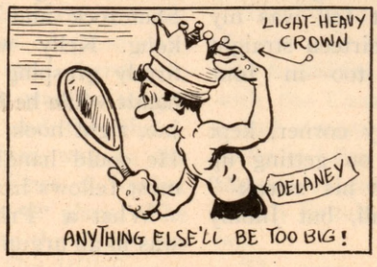

TOM SHARKEY THE SECOND-ATS ME!
HEENEY
HUH! AND WITHOUT EVEN A SHIP.

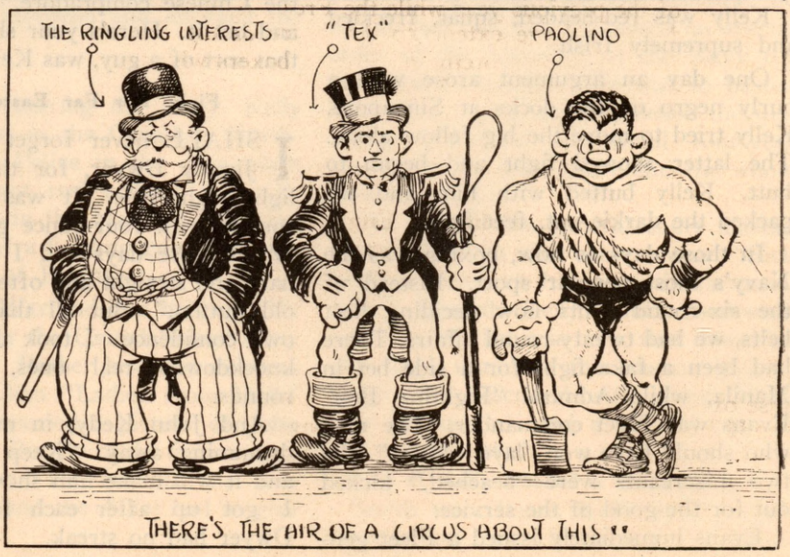

THE BOXING BUSINESS
BENNY LEONARD
BENNAH! WOULD THE MOMMA LIKE THAT?


TEDDY BALDOCK
17 OLBS
THE BIGGEST MAN ON THE ISLAND

AND WHEN AH COME BACK— AN' AH WILL COME BACK!
WILLS
JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT!

TEE HEE!
HA! HA!
TEE HEE
HO-HO-HO
HAW! HAW!
MORAL: DON'T "TAKE IT."


LIGHT-HEAVY CROWN
DELANEY
ANYTHING ELSE'LL BE TOO BIG!


THE RINGLING INTERESTS
"TEX"
PAOLINO
THERE'S THE AIR OF A CIRCUS ABOUT THIS"

Europe in Throes of Boxing Craze—Belgium, France and Germany Make Great Strides—England Has Best Talent

(First of a Series on Fisticuffs Abroad)

By NAT FLEISCHER

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BOXING is rapidly assuming the leading role in the field of sports throughout Europe. What baseball is to this country, the ring sport is to the French, and in the field of athletic competition in Italy and Germany, it ranks close to the top. Surprising as it might seem because of England's former prestige in the manly art, boxing ranks second to association football there. This, despite the fact that England is the Mother of Boxing and for a century or more held sway over the World.

In our recent trip through Europe in which we travelled through four countries, 21 big cities, and saw many boxing bouts, the writer was impressed with the fact that sections of these countries that prior to the World War scarcely knew what a boxing bout looked like, now have their clubs and cater to packed assemblages. In this respect it is safe to say that Germany, as in other branches of athletics, has made the greatest strides although its boxers still rank far below par in comparison to our best boys and fail to come up to the standard of the average second rater of France and England.

In the matter of advancement so far as technique is concerned, in our opinion, France has made the greatest strides during the past year. The French boxers have surpassed the British in the adoption of a style most pleasing to the patron of the sport from the point of view of an American. Their boxing tactics, aggressiveness, combativeness and cleverness are much on the style of the Americans. England of course has far better talent, far superior boxers than the French but taken as a whole, the British boys have not progressed much over their work of the previous year while the French have.

This is due to a large extent, to the desire of the French to emulate their American brethren. French boxers who spent considerable time in the States last year, have absorbed the American style and upon their return to France, their style was copied by others with the result that an American finds little difference in the French methods of to-day compared to that of his native heath.

Wrong Policy in England

OUR British friends, whom we cherish, may find fault with the above statement because they are loath to admit there is anything wrong with boxing in Great Britain, yet we cannot get away from the fact that the English system of letting good enough alone and their slowness or unwillingness to adopt anything new, has deteriorated British boxing and is the true cause of England's failure to regain its former prestige. Perhaps if England sends a few more of its boys to the States to absorb the American style, the sport will again come into its own, but unless the British system of long bouts, stalling tactics and display of cleverness to the utter exclusion of aggressiveness and hitting power is altered, both France and Germany within the next few years will lead England in boxing.

One needs only to see Jack Hood, Alf Mancini and Teddy Baldock, Alf Simmons, Ernie Jarvis, Tommy Milligan, Tom Moody, and several other Britishers who have visited the U. S. display their wares, and the superiority of the American style over the British and the advantages of this style as a gate attraction in England becomes obvious. At a recent luncheon in London the remark was made by the dean of British sports writers that if English boxers are to relinquish their cleverness for brute force which is prevalent in the United States, then he hoped that boxing would receive its death-knell in the Empire.

"We want our boys to continue as in the past," said this writer. Let us have a beautiful, scientific boxing and let America have its brute, slam-bang fighting. We don't want any of it here. I would rather see our boys emulate the Jem Mace, Driscoll and Welsh style to the rough-house, wharf-fighting tactics of the Americans and I hope the boys who have just returned from abroad will stick to their own system for the good of the sport here," added this expert.

* * *

False Reasoning

THIS is only one illustration of the reasons for the decay of British boxing. Teddy Baldock, the little London flash who made such a hit in the States last fall, came here a clever boxer. He displayed his wares in eleven contests and made a most creditable showing. In each successive bout, however, he showed more and more hitting power, which, combined with his cleverness, gave him a big advantage over his rivals. He did not relinquish his cleverness, but he was quick to see the advantage of hitting ability and developed that in combination with his boxing.

Now Teddy, by the absorption of the American style which he distinctly displayed in his last half dozen bouts in the States, knocked into a cocked hat the theory of the dean of the British scribes who figures that good boxing and fighting do not combine, and Baldock's style proves the fallacy of this argument.

Fortunately for Baldock, in nine out of the eleven bouts in the States, his manager, Teddy Broadribb pitted him against third and fourth raters. Had Baldock, with all his cleverness, fought a dozen of the top notchers, all of whom possess both cleverness and hitting ability, he never would have returned to England with a good string of victories. The Baldock of to-day, however, with a combination of cleverness and good punching form and the absorption of the American style of aggressiveness and combativeness, should be able to hold his own against the leading bantams.

French boxers are quick to realize the advantages of our methods, hence the reason for splendid contests which draw packed houses weekly to the Paris shows.

The stalling so prevalent in the British competition is almost negligible in Paris contests. A fight there, most often, is a

real fight, hence the reason for the rapid rise of boxing in France.

England may come out of its chaotic condition in boxing, and if it does, it will owe its rescue to the boys who have carried from America our style and to Ted Broadribb, brainy manager and promoter who, quick to realize our advantages, is doing its utmost to force our styles of boxing, training and promoting upon the British public. Furthermore, to come into its own again, the British sport must rid itself of the petty jealousies, the picayune policies and the general squabbling of promoters and managers.

And still more, an organization to control the sport, one whose edicts will be honored, must be put into effect. The National Sporting Club's Board of Control is obsolete. Its edicts are ignored. Its directorate has little standing so far as meteing out punishment for infractions of rules are concerned and without legal authority. Such a body is useless.

* * *

Sports Craze Abroad

AS we have remarked before, Europe is in the throes of a sports craze. Sports have taken a tremendous hold on the public. In some places it is tennis, in others golf, racing, trotting or soccer, but in the majority it is boxing. Boxing is a common subject of conversation wherever sportsmen have their rendezvous. Five days or more upon an ocean liner is sufficient to convince the skeptical of the great world interest in fisticuffs.

Recently while sitting with our friend, Sparrow Robertson, at the ringside of the Cirque de Paris where Jeff Dickson, the Tex Rickard of European boxing was staging a gigantic benefit for the soldiers of France who suffered facial wounds in the World War, our attention was directed to the opposite corner of the arena where a young American was wildly acclaiming one of the principals in a preliminary bout. We hailed the chap, a frequenter of Madison Square Garden bouts, and a long conversation ensued on boxing and the tremendous support it was receiving in Europe.

There, then, 3000 miles from home, we met on common ground—in a sports arena—to enjoy our mutual hobby—a good boxing show. This is cited just as one example of the stronghold the sport has gained throughout the world.

Likewise in England, Germany, Holland, Sweden and Italy. England has its horde of fight followers, but they are not of the rabid, frenzied type of fight fan prevalent in Germany, France or Italy. France is fortunate, so far as boxing is concerned, in having a young Louisiana French-American, Jeff Dickson, to look atfer its needs. This young fellow, an able student of the sport, has a virtual monopoly on boxing in the Republic because of six big clubs; he has control of five and has first call on the champions of Europe for International boxing. The rise of the sport since the World War is due to the energetic, clean-cut business ability of this member of the Foreign Legion, who, coming to France as a private, quit the war as a Captain and has remained abroad since.

* * *

Imports U. S. Boxers

MUCH of Dickson's success is due to his foresight in importing British, Spanish, Italian, German and American boxers, thereby creating intense rivalry and drawing his patronage from all classes of tourists. His latest importation, Al Brown, American negro bamtam, proved a ten-strike. Al, in four bouts witnessed by the writer, cleaned up in splendid style, and so pleasing were these bouts, that after the first, Dickson was compelled to put out the "sold-out" sign.

When Al Brown fought Mascart, French champion and stopped him in the fourth round, he gave as dazzling a performance as Pancho Villa displayed in his bout with Jimmy Wilde. On that occasion hundreds swarmed about the club house in an attempt to purchase admission tickets, but the house was sold out two days in advance and a squad of police was called on to clear the streets.

Such is the interest of the French in boxing. They love a fighter and regardless of his nationality, any boxer of ability showing in a French club is certain of a warm reception.

In Germany two rival organizations are in the field for public patronage, one headed by Herr Rothenberg who controls the huge circus grounds near the outskirts of Berlin and the other, the directors of the Sportspalast, where the six-day bicycle races are staged. The rivalry is keen and the cut-throat competition proves of no benefit to the sport.

The German boxers are not called upon often enough to perform in their native land. Thus, while amateur boxing is kept in the limelight with nightly shows in every big city, the professional element keeps in the limelight with performances in Holland, England and France. Only about once a month are there high class professional shows staged in Berlin although bouts among the lesser lights are more frequent.

* * *

New Syndicate in England

IN England, naturally, weekly contests are in progress at a dozen or more clubs. The acquisition of Albert Hall by the International Sports Syndicate of which Bernard Mortimer is the head and Moss, De Young, Harry Lee and Bernard Dorres are directors, should aid the game considerably as this syndicate has fine financial backing and is in a position to offer more substantial purses than its rivals. Yet even a big organization like the above can be a detriment if it attempts to throttle smaller clubs and fails to cooperate with the powers that be to enforce adherence to contracts.

It is the aim of the director of this corporation, Mr. Bernard Mortimer, to acquire the services of American stars and to import several champions and if his plans succeed, the game in England will receive a big boom. England, once the scene of International championship matches, has lacked this kind of competition for many moons, and should such contests be revived, the interest in boxing will be considerably increased. Of course, England cannot offer American champions what they can obtain here for the defense of their title, nor can they offer the top notchers in any class as much as such boys command in our country, hence Mr. Mortimer's task will be a difficult one.

Mr. Mortimer's greatest rivals in the boxing field are Mrs. Dick Burge, owner of The Ring, and Mr. Jacobs; but neither has an arena the equal in size of Albert Hall, hence England's biggest bouts of the future are certain to take place under the direction of the newly organized International Syndicate.

With a dozen or more stars back on their native soil after a sojourn in this country, English promoters are losing no time in contracting for first class bouts with these boys as participants. With the return of Jack Hood, Alf Mancini, Teddy Baldock, Tommy West, Tommy Milligan, Johnny Sullivan, Ernie Jarvis, Elky Clarke, Alf Simmons and Tom Moody, England at present has the best crop in Europe to choose from for its star bouts.

Baidock came to America a good boxer, yet despite accounts in British papers to the contrary, he came home a far more finished boxer, a greater fighter, a boxer possessing far greater hitting power and technique than when he reached the U. S. and with his added experience, is sure to be the sensation of the year in England. Likewise Milligan, Hood, Mancini, Moody and the others who carried back with them to England the American style and American experience. Both should aid as a boon to British boxing.

* * *

Take Exception to U. S.

THREE days after our arrival in London, we were invited to a Sports Writers' Luncheon, and there a keen discussion arose regarding the merits of the American and British styles. As we remarked in the early stages of this yarn, one writer declared that he hoped boxing would be wiped off the map in England if ever the day arrived when British boys abandoned their cleverness for our slugging tactics. The London scribes also objected keenly to what they termed "American nerve" in attempting world supervision over the sport and condemned bitterly the attitude of American writers in recog-

nizing Fidel La Barba as flyweight champion. Said one Sports Editor:

"Fidel is only an American champion and cannot be called the world title holder. He is no more to your land than Elky Clarke is to this land. In fact, Clarke, having been beaten here by Kid Socks, we might as well call Socks the world champion if Clarke defeats La Barba."

Unfortunately, however, this has not become necessary because of the pummeling Clarke received from La Barba. However, we mention the above to illustrate how keenly English writers feel the loss of British boxing prestige.

* * *

Another Fallacy

DURING the course of a half hour talk on boxing at this luncheon, we tried to convince our British friends of the fallacy of their arguments, but without avail. They declared *Louis Kid Kaplan never held the featherweight title* because no British boxer was represented in the tournament and that Jimmy Goodrich and his successors never held the world lightweight crown for similar reasons, this, despite the fact that all nations where boxing thrives were invited to send a competitor and most of them did.

These English scribes protected their argument with the statement that no British boxers took part in the eliminations and as England ranked next to the U. S. in this sport, no world championship could be at stake in such competition without English representation. Yet these same writers knew, as was testified to by Mr. Lucas, secretary of the British Board of Boxing Control, that the English were invited but declined because of financial distress.

With the United States, France, Cuba, Panama, Chile, Argentine and Mexico represented, we wonder what English scribes expect in the way of representation before a tournament may be called international?

When the writer, at this luncheon was attacked for the attitude of American boxing moguls in regulating the world sport, our answer to our critics was that "initiative makes the world progress. Some one has to take up the reins in behalf of progress, and since England seemed content to abide by rules now obsolete, American Boxing Boards should not be condemned for eradicating the old and adopting the new. Initiative in business is a great asset and this the New York and other boxing commissions have demonstrated in the ruling of fisticuffs in this country."

* * *

Initiative Necessary

WE wonder where boxing would be to-day if American initiative did not rule the sport? What a chaotic condition would exist were America to wait for the English to start the ball rolling in the matter of International competition to decide new title holders in classes where champions retired, moved into a higher division or died!

When reminded at this luncheon that the purely slugging type of fighter does not exemplify the American style, but that a combination of cleverness and hard hitting was what made the American boys supreme, one British writer arose and answered:

"There is nothing we can take from your boxers. You must remember England long has boasted of its clever boxers. Cleverness constitutes the best element in boxing and I for one, would rather see a pretty boxer like Jem Driscoll or Billy Wells in action, than all the knockdowns or knockout you people so much enjoy."

We all have our likes and dislikes, but if we may may say it, a boxing bout shorn of the element of excitement, a match in which the sensational is missing, to our way of thinking is like a golf match without its bunkers and hazzards. It becomes just as boresome and listless as does a clinching or infighting match in which the same monotonous style is employed by both men throughout the contest.

England, with its new International Stadium Syndicate, has a great opportunity to forge ahead. It remains to be seen what Mr. Mortimer and his colleagues can do to bring boxing out of its present state. The British resent interference. They loath innovations as the writer learned in the discussion on elimination tournaments. They lack initiative and then resent being compelled, through self preservation, to follow that which the other fellow has started.

* * *

U. S. Always Looks Ahead

IN America we have abandoned rules which have outgrown their usefulness. We make new rules and our commissions adopt new laws to meet new conditions. We arrange elimination tournaments among the world's greatest boxers to crown a new champion when a division lacks a title holder because of our ability to pay bigger purses for the services of the boxers, and the fact that the interest in the sport is greater in the United States than elsewhere, the world over. England, however, refuses to acknowledge our right to decide championships on this basis, yet offers not the semblance of a remedy, if one be needed. Under such a procedure, once a class championship becomes vacant, the probability is, it never would be filled, were we to follow the British system of thinking!

In France, things are different. The French realize their short comings in boxing and are willing to abide by American judgment in matters pugilistic because Uncle Sam boasts of the world's greatest fighters and there are fifty fold more boxing fans in our country than elsewhere. Hence it seems only fair that American Boxing Commissions should set the pace. We do not mean to infer that everything America does along the lines above discussed is above reproach. We have made many mistakes, some of them grave ones but weigh the good with the bad and the former has a great advantage over the latter.

Without American initiative, boxing would be at a standstill, the rough house bar-room tactics of fifty years ago would still be in vogue. The sport has been uplifted through American prestige and we defy British writers to prove otherwise.

We conclude by declaring there is little which has been inaugurated by American Boxing Commissions which has not in the long run accomplished its end for good in the boxing world.

FROM OUR READERS

Publisher, The Ring:

WE write in quest of your opinion as to Jack Dempsey. In our opinion Dempsey was the greatest of all heavyweights. We base our opinion on the fact that sixty per cent. of his victories were by the K. O. route. Unlike the gladiators of old, it didn't take him forty or fifty rounds to batter an opponent into submission.

There never was and probably never will be a man as good as Dempsey was the day he battered Big Jess all over the ring and still some will rate Dempsey as being inferior to the old heavyweights. Why is this?

We would like to see him fight his way back to a return match with Tunney, but this is something that has never been done before—a successful comeback.

A FEW RING READERS,
Rutland, Vt.

PROTEST 'JOHN L.' SLUR

"I have bought the Ring ever since the first copy was issued but that knocking of John L. is too much for me. I will have to drop it. Who is this Mathison?

"He is knocking Sullivan. He is a bigot.

"W. A. Brady is another of them. I saw Sullivan in his fights. There was not a man who ever lived who he could not lick. Corbett fight he was all in at that time.

JOHN EVANS,
Boston, Mass."

WILL TRY TO OBLIGE

W. H. KEENAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

"EVERY day in every way I like The Ring better and better. It is by far the fairest, cleanest and most interesting magazine that I have ever read.

"With your kind permission I would like to make a suggestion. How about a round for round story of some of the great battles of former days?

"For instance, the Jackson-Slavin, Lavigne-Wolcott, Thomas-Ketchel sensational fights?

"I really believe that the majority of Ring patrons would enjoy these stories immensely."

A GREB ADMIRER

"BEING a reader of your magazine, I would like to have you publish a story about the late Harry Greb. They can talk about Tunney, Ketchel, Dempsey or any of them, but Harry Greb has proven to be the best.

"He fought half of his fights with men weighing 30 or 40 pounds heavier and always came out the victor. He gave Tunney the worst beating he ever got and fought 65 rounds in all with him and never got half the beating Dempsey got.

"Greb made a fool out of Tom Gibbons and gave Mickey Walker, whom they called the white Walcott, a boxing lesson. He beat Weinert and Tiny Babe Herman and a number of other heavy men, and he only had one eye for the last five years.

"Please write a story on Greb with some pictures of the king of them all.—HOLLIS MURPHY.

FROM SCOTLAND

Belnacraig, Glenbuchat,
Aberdeen, Scotland.

"PLEASE find enclosed two U. S. A. dollars, for which you might renew my subscription for your magazine.

"I will not try to express my praise in words, and will only say that every month you get better and better. Close wishing you and your publication the best of luck, which I think you richly deserve.

"Yours sincerely,
"GEORGE TAIT."

Psychology Bug Takes Firm Hold on Tommy Loughran

By ANNE LAURENCE

TINY lights pricking the curtain of darkness that enveloped one hundred and thirty thousand fight fans in the stadium of the Sesqui-Centennial grounds in Philadelphia.

A sea of blackness except for the brilliant white flood of light that surrounded the "squared circle."

A drizzilng rain falling on the throng that yelled and cheered and groaned.

A championship was being battled out in the ring above the crowd.

"Hey, you Tooney, sock that guy! Get that Dempsey, you hard-hittin' Marine!" shouted the men.

"Knock him out Gene!" shrilled the women.

Tommy Loughran, master boxer, fresh from a victory over Jimmy Delaney on that same canvas less than an hour before, sat at the ringside and saw one of his idols crash to earth. Rain dropped unnoticed on his young, strangely unmarked face. His idol was going!

"He's licked," whispered Tommy to me.

"He's done—and it mustn't happen to me!"

To-day, with months gone since that eventful night when Gene Tunney was crowned heavyweight champion of the world, Loughran still remembers that what happened to Dempsey must not happen to him.

I think Tommy laid his plans right there while Mr. Tunney, with assurance written all over his good-looking face, confidently took the title away from Dempsey.

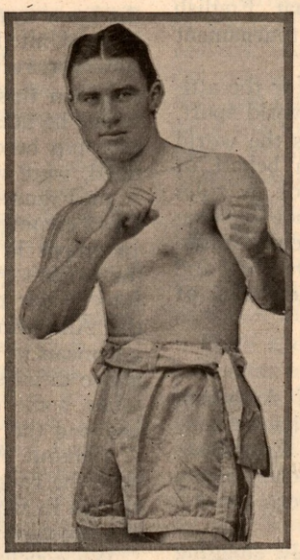
"Nobody," says Tommy Loughran, "is going to 'think' me into a licking. Two men can play that game. I've got a brain that works, too!"

Tommy Is Ambitious

IN addition to a brain, Tommy has an ambition. And putting them together he means, one of these fine days to take the heavyweight honors away from the Marine by the same route that Tunney took them from Dempsey.

The psychology bug that has bitten so many of our athletic young men lately has got Tommy too!

Other fighters want that crown. Lots of nice boys seem quite willing to relieve Gentleman Gene of the Marine Corps of his colorful title. But this man Loughran has made up his MIND, quite systematically, that he can beat Tunney. And believing that as he does, apparently with



Tommy Loughran

all sincerity, he is gradually mapping out the plans that he hopes will bring him to the other half of a ring with the champion.

"Perhaps he can win," say the credulous.

"He'll get his head knocked off—he can't hit!" scoff the "wise" ones.

Loughran fought Tunney once five years ago and lost the decision.

"He hit me in the first round," said Tommy to me not long ago, with a little smile, "and it certainly was a punch. This may sound foolish but believe me I walked around in circles for seven rounds. I was absolutely in a daze. I wasn't hurt, particularly, but he caught me just right to make my head buzz, and I tell you for seven whole rounds I had just sense enough to keep out of his way. After that I sort of snapped out of the mist and for the rest of the fight I wasn't so bad.

"But a lot of water has gone under the bridge since that time," he went on slowly. "I was only nineteen then. I've learned a whole lot and if I ever get Gene in the ring again, there will be a different story to tell. I'm certain of that.

"Will you be able to knock him out," I asked, for according to the authorities, Loughran's "terrible left" is greased lightning, but without the killing punch behind it.

He smiled a little and hunched his great shoulders across the little restaurant table.

"I don't know," he said quietly, "but there are other ways to beat a man without knocking him out, you know. If I fight Gene Tunney I'll beat him."

Not Like In Olden Days

LONG ago, a prize fighter was a huge athlete who trained on pork and beans or a more careful diet as he saw best. He was a man who had thunderbolts in his gloves and who rocked an opponent to sleep via the chin whenever possible. There were the good old days of two men staggering around a ring with blood dripping from their straining bodies, with weariness making them strike out blindly without sense or reason until one or the other got in the way of a punch and went down for the count.

True enough, they weren't all like that, but the main idea was to slug an opponent and put him out speedily to the roar of the crowd and the cheers of the mob.

A lot of men, and all the women, shuddered at the idea and involuntarily drew their clothing out of the way of some man pointed out as Champion So-and-So. The mere mention of a prize-fighter's name brought up a vision of cauliflower ears, of flattened noses, of broken teeth and out-thrust jaws.

And then, recently, something happened!

Out of the space of haze that surrounds the spotlight of sportdom a name

began to go the rounds even while the public still referred to Dempsey by uncharitable cognomens. It was said that a former Marine named Tunney was "different" and the prediction came true.

To-day they are saying that Tommy Loughran is "different" and that's no joke, either.

He has been called "Gentleman Tommy" and the "Adonis of the Ring." Men refer to him as one of the fight-game's best looking men. Women say nothing about him for the very good reason that, like Tunney, they know nothing about him.

It should be said therefor, by one who knows, that Tommy is twenty-four years old, of Irish parents, and with a wide-open smile and a pair of flashing fists. The number of women in his list of friends can be counted on one hand. There is his mother and the old nun who taught him in Catholic school and a couple of us who write, that is all .

He is one of those boys with great shoulders and the slim waist that belongs to a girl. His body is a thing respected and cared for. He has never smoked, he knows nothing of alcohol. He is mentally and morally clean, for the world has swept around Tommy without touching him.

Much Like Tunney

TUNNEY became heavyweight champion because he "thought himself" into it. He read and dreamed and planned and got the idea that he was destined to lick Jack Dempsey.

And now here is Tommy Loughran all imbued with the notion that he is to take the heavyweight honors from the Fighting Marine and he's doing the same thing Tunney did—reading, thinking, etc., etc. He feels he is Tunney's master and has decided on a campaign to prove he is a contender.

Now what is one to think about that!

Going back to the old days, such a plan, fifty years ago would have been regarded as the idea of a madman. Some fight promoter would probably have looked at the poor deluded boxer who had it and shaken his head and recalled the days "before he got that way."

But, what with psychology and the like running around now, it seems that even prize fighters are not above "thinking themselves" masters of destiny.

There are followers of the two-fisted sport who will not comment on Tommy's aspirations, yet they remind the scoffers, with something akin to pride, that not once in the years he has boxed, has Loughran allowed himself to stay on the shelf. He has gone from one opponent to another, taking on bout after bout. He has faced wicked fighters who slashed out with deadly rights and lefts; he has tackled suave, panther-like scrappers whose every move spelled hidden danger.

In the short space of time he has been in the ring, he has faced some of the famous men of the game. He outboxed and outfought Harry Greb; he won the decision over Jimmy Delaney; he whipped that gentleman of France, Carpentier and he gained a draw with Jack Delaney when most of the crowd thought he had won it.

Seeks Tilt With Delaney

And incidentally, while he waits his chance at the "big boy," Tommy stands out as the contender for Jack Delaney's light-heavyweight title. He's a title-hunting young man!

If the Bridgeport Beauty and the Philadelphia Adonis meet what will happen?

It is said that the one impediment to Tommy's fighting is the lack of punishment behind his blows. He carries the battle constantly to an opponent, slashing out with the dynamic left in a way to strike terror to many hearts, yet there is a lack of power, according to authority, that robs the trick of much of its danger. The answer, they say, is the speed that carries him around the ring.

"He knows how to box and where to plant his fists," groan the old-timers, "but if he'll just develop that right so it will spell 'K. O.'!"

In the ring he is unbelievably light on his feet for his size. He has been seen, on many occasions, to rush into his opponent, put himself in just the right position to be knocked flat but, somehow, by a strange trick of ducking and weaving, when the other fellow struck out Tommy wasn't there.

Tunney was like that, as I recall. On the night of that memorable fight at the Sesqui, something akin to the old Dempsey who pounded Carpentier to a pulp and smashed the great Willard to the floor of the ring, rushed out of the corner at the Marine. Spectators gasped and then screamed warnings to Tunney, "Watch him, watch him," as with lowered head and crouching body, Dempsey tore in.

But somehow Tunney was as absent from the spot where he should have been as Loughran is on similar occasions.

Fears Public Gaze

TOMMY has one particular aversion bout his name.

"I don't like being called 'Gentleman Tommy,' he says. "It's as though people don't know what I am and I have to be labeled.

As a matter of fact he is seldom introduced as a boxer. Among his friends who, by the way, are wisely and carefully chosen, discussion of boxing is taboo.

"I make a living with my fists," he said to me not long ago. "I consider it an honorable way to earn a living, but I do not have to take it into my life outside the ring.

"I like people and enjoy talking to them about other things."

We were in one of the fashionable little tea rooms of Philadelphia at the time with a candle-lit space of table between us. Shaded lights and soft furs were all about the place. Tommy knew it and liked it. It did not in the least embarrass him.

"It's a funny thing," he said, with a smile, "to meet people as 'Mr. Loughran' and then after a bit hear somebody refer to fighting and watch the faces of the people when they know I'm a boxer."

Tommy confesses to one weakness. He likes books and he reads Kipling. He is not "over-educated," but he has been carefully brought up in a religious family and he has a tolerance for all men that seems rather remarkable.

1927

By Norman Daly

The year 1927 is stretching out ahead,
And there are many bouts to come our way;
The old year, with its setbacks, now is dead—
The new year, with its chances, bright and gay.
Let the failures and the bad breaks disappear
Like shadows of the twilight in the night;
Let us resolve to banish all our fears,
And to tear right in and make a winning fight.

Before us, scattered through the many weeks,
Rare opportunities we will surely find;
The sun will shine on lofty mountain peaks,
Beheld by men who formerly were blind.
With good hard work and ceaseless daily toil,
We soon can be the men we want to be;
And Success's golden banner will unfurl
And wave in glory over you and me.

This is How They Made Matches in Bygone Days on the Bowery

Another Wild Bull of the Pampas

By JACK KOFOED

THE Pampas of South America has produced another wild bull. He isn't the fire breathing madman that Luis Firpo was; he isn't a huge slugger with no pretensions to boxing skill.

His name is Victoria Campolo, which is in the nature of a handicap, and is more of a boxer than a hitter, though he did knock out Miguel Ferrera, who had been dubbed the "Little Firpo."

Campolo was an Argentine cowboy just like Ferrera. Firpo, the bull killer, you remember, washed bottles in a Buenos Aires drug store, which is not nearly so romantic a background as the rolling pampas.

After a few years of arguing with cattle Senor Campolo decided that it offered too little in the way of remuneration and fame. He turned to the vaudeville stage, becoming a strong man in a guitar act—which isn't as insane as it sounds.

While the guitar players were strumming their instruments Victorio posed, arms outstretched, with a woman balanced on the palm of each hand. Many a feminine heart fluttered as he did his stuff.

The heart of Rodriguez, the heavyweight who knocked out Firpo in Luis's first bid for fame, did something more than flutter. It skipped a couple of times as he told himself that he was looking on a possible heavyweight champion of the world.

CAMPOLO stands 6 feet 3 inches tall and is beautifully built, with the thews of an ox and the smooth, rippling muscles of a fighter. Rodriguez took hold and taught him the rudiments of boxing.

He was selected as a member of the Argentine team in the Pan-American amateur boxing bouts, and went to the final round, where he was out-pointed by a husky Canadian whose name has slipped my memory.

Even in defeat he looked like an excellent prospect, and went back to his native land, determined that some day he would return to America and succeed even more fully than Firpo had done. His 210 pounds, his long reach and natural speed were certain to bring him fame, he told himself.

Victorio's bout with Miguel Ferrera recently was his first of real importance. Since Firpo became a fat and placid automobile dealer, Ferrera was looked on as his logical successor—the man who would carry South America's fistic fame into the land of the Gringos.

That idea was shot full of holes after Campolo was finished with him. Ferrera took a frightful lacing.

MIGUEL planned an American invasion. This defeat knocked it on the head, but it definitely brought Campolo's dream to a reality. Victorio will doubtless be up here on an early boat seeking Yankee gold.

Whether or not he makes good is a question, of course. The cowboy has all the physical requisites, and against the opposition he has faced so far has shown himself to be a good boxer and a strong hitter.

Environment and the Part It Plays on Development of Ring Champions

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

WHERE do the fighting champions, the best of them and the most of them, come from? What trade, profession or occupation furnishes the majority of the leading ring men? Do they come from the crowded cities, the smaller towns or the wide, free spaces?

Let us consider the heavyweight champions, for instance, from Gene Tunney back to John L. Sullivan.

Jack Dempsey was a farmer, miner and a hobo before he became a leading boxer and before Gene Tunney took up boxing. Jess Willard was a rancher and horse trader; Jack Johnson, a New Orleans stevedore; Jim Jeffries, an iron worker; Fitzsimmons, a blacksmith, and Jim Corbett, a bank clerk. Sullivan played semi-professional baseball and had aspirations of being a professional baseball player before he took up fistcuffs. Gene Tunney was a stenographer before he became a fighter.

The nine world's champions came from varied occupations and trades, everything from bank clerk to blacksmith. Jeffries, Burns, Willard and Dempsey were products of the open country. Sullivan, Corbett, Johnson and Tunney were city bred. So was Fitzsimmons.

At random, consider a few other fighters and their trades. George Dixon was a photographer's assistant; Joe Walcott, a cook on a boat from the Barbadoes to Boston; Terry McGovern worked in a lumber yard; Tommy West, a plasterer; Kid Lavigne, a lumberjack; Jack McAuliffe, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Jack Skelly, all coopers and working in the same establishment in Greenpoint; Stanley Ketchel, a waiter; Tom Sharkey, a sailor; Freddy Welsh, schoolboy, hobo, masseur, swimming instructor, boxing instructor and jack of all trades; Leonard Tendler, Kid Williams, were newsboys; Georges Carpentier was a singer, dancer and wayside acrobat.

Most of the men mentioned are old-timers or comparatively old-timers. Boxers of the present day start in the game at an earlier age than did their brethren of the past. Most of the boxers of today take up professional boxing as their first occupation. There was such little money in professional boxing in the old days that fighters did not depend on the ring solely for a livelihood, but worked at other trades.

WE THANK YOU

THE Publisher of the Ring, on his return home from a two months tour through Europe, was gratified to be the recipient of a splendid tribute from Ring readers in the form of an increase of several thousand in circulation.

With this issue, we are pleased to announce, that our circulation has leaped to the 60,000 mark.

Without the full cooperation of our readers this marvelous, unprecedented rise from 2,700 in 1922 to 60,000 at the start of 1927, would have been impossible.

The Ring Publisher thanks his readers and trusts for their continued support.

No one trade or occupation has a monopoly on fighters. Environment also seems to play only a minor part in the development of ring men. It seems to matter little whether a fighter comes from New York's crowded east side, London's Whitechapel, the country village, or the wide free spaces. The crowded, congested tenement districts and the open country, with its sunshine and pure air, each have given forth ring champions.

Born Not Made

CHAMPIONS are born, not made. Destiny shapes most ringmen's ends.

Consider the vast number of young men of the Allied armies who took up boxing during the late war. Consider the lives they led. One would consider the conditions almost ideal for developing and training ring men. Yet how few, how precious few high class boxers were developed in the army. Of the thousands of young men in the American Expeditionary Forces who took up boxing, only two champions, Gene Tunney and Joe Lynch, came forth, and it must be remember-er that both Lynch and Tunney boxed before entering the service.

Yes, fighters are born, not made. Of that there is no doubt. If the real fighting foundation is not there environment, training, schooling, can avail little.

Environment and traininng, however, play a more prominent part than statistics would tend to show. The preponderance of city bred boxers, for instance, is deceiving.

Roughly speaking, we should say there are five city bred boxers to one country bred boxer. The reasons, however, are apparent. Boxing is, or at least has been, practically confined to the cities. The country boy practically has no opportunity to break into boxing. The country boys who have achieved success in the ring had to leave home and go to the cities to get their ring start.

Metropolitan newspapers are full of boxing. The sporting pages suggest and advertise the game. The small town newspaper pays mighty little attention to boxing. The city boy hears boxing talked all around him. They have other things to talk about on the farm and ranch.

Anent Environment

FOR every country boy who dons the gloves there are least a hundred city chaps to match him. Hence the larger number of country bred boxers who make a success in the ring is conclusive proof that environment does play a prominent part in boxing and that the rugged life of the open, the fresh air and sunshine, is a much better moulder of fighting men than the more crowded, congested city.

If bouts were fought to a finish as in the old days, instead of being limited to ten and fifteen rounds as at present, there would be further and stronger proof of the importance of environment. Speed and skill figure more prominently in the limited round boxing contests of the present than do strength, stamina and endurance.

When you speak of strength, stamina and endurance in connection with

Heavyweight Champions from Sullivan to Tunney

Top row—Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Jess Willard. Bottom row—John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Jeffries, Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson.

the ring, three names immediately suggest themselves — Jim Jeffries, Kid Lavigne and Battling Nelson.

Environment gave all three their remarkable ruggedness and iron endurance.

KID LAVIGNE was a product of the Michigan lumber camps. He had the strength of the pines in his make-up. The rush of the north wind was in his attack. He was tough as rawhide and as rugged as a granite boulder. His flow of energy was ceaseless as a river. Occupation, environment, life from babyhood up undoubtedly helped to mould his remarkable physique, gave him his abundant good health and his almost exhaustless stamina and vitality.

Battling Nelson was the real iron man of the ring. The Durable Dane's opponents figuratively punched themselves out on him. His ability to "take" played more prominent part in his victories than his ability to "give."

Much of Nelson's iron stamina and endurance, like Lavigne's, was moulded by his environment. Everything during his period of adolescence helped to harden and toughen him, fill his wells of health to overflowing and store up the almost inexhaustible supply of strength and energy.

Nelson's Early Life

"I WAS born in Copenhagen, on Denmark's Independence Day. My folks migrated to the United States when I was still at my mother's breast. We landed in New York in 1883, and went from there to Oshkosh, where we settled on a truck farm. My father worked in adjacent lumber camps during the winter. We were in Oshkosh less than a year when my father took us to Blue Island, near Chicago. We were there only a few months before going to Hegewisch, Ill., where father settled down permanently.

"When we arrived in Hegewisch there was scarcely twenty people in the township. I have shot ducks and geese from our backyard. Foxes, coyotes and wolves got most of our poultry. The woods which hedged us in were full of wild life.

"I wasn't knee-high to a grasshopper when father put me to work on the farm. I had my chores to do long before I went to school. I worked while I was at school, farming, lumbering, all kinds of rough, manual labor in the open. I got mighty little recreation, but the recreation I did have—hunting, fishing, rough and tumble sports of lumber camp and countryside—all helped to develop my physical powers. I watched Hegewisch grow from a handful of shacks to a thriving up-to-date city of 25,000.

"When I was only a skinny, scrawny lad with legs like pipestems and arms like a whiplast I nevertheless was strong as a horse and as tireless as a broncho. When I entered the boxing game it was mere play to me."

Jeffries Worked in Open

OF all the champions Jim Jeffries had the benefit of the best ring environment. From the cradle up the life Jeffries led was moulding him into the remarkable physical and fighting specimen he really was at the crest of his career.

Jeffries was born in Carrol, Ohio, but in 1881 his father took his large family—Jim had three sisters and four brothers—to California, settling down on a ranch at Arroyo Secco Canyon.

"We worked hard and played hard—mostly played hard, for me—on the Arroyo Secco," says Jeff, in telling of his early days. "Naturally, as a boy, I had my chores to do, but most of the time I spent hunting and fishing. Dad gave me a rifle and shotgun before I was eight years old. I've toted a gun twenty miles barefoot hunting quail and rabbit. I was only eleven years

old when I killed my first deer. Many times us boys camped for weeks in the open, far back in the hills. Often I've found myself miles from home and with no tent or outfit with me, and just layed down and slept under the stars with not even a blanket over me.

"My father gave us boys just enough admixture of work and play. We were all healthy and strong and work never bothered us physically. Mentally I used to suffer tortures thinking of the fine hunting and fishing I was missing when Dad was working me ploughing, irrigating, cultivating or harvesting.

"I practically lived entirely in the open during my boyhood. I was out of doors from dawn to dusk. Most of my nights I slept in the open. Even the confines of a bedroom used to irk me. I used to beg mother to let me sleep in a hammock on the porch or roll up in a blanket on the ground.

In Iron Factory

"WHEN I left the ranch and went to work in the city taking an apprentice job with Lacy Manufacturing Company, iron workers, in Los Angeles, I was as hardy a physical specimen as you ever saw. There was not a link in my physical claim that wasn't developed to the full — legs arms, waist, shoulders, chest, back, lungs, heart, I was there—all there.

"The work I did at the iron moulding trade developed my wrists and forearms, also my back and neck muscles. Did you ever lay on your back in a cramped position driving rivets? Anyone who has will know what I mean about back and neck development.

"Even when employed at my trade I used to take time off and go hunting. I could work just so long and then I would hear the red gods calling, and quit and pack off to the woods and the hills.

"Say, when I was eighteen I ran and walked twenty-two miles carrying a 200-pound buck on my shoulders and only set it down once when I slackened my thirst at a spring."

Virtually, Jeffries was in training from the cradle. Is there any wonder he developed into the heavyweight fighting champion of the world?"

Startling Contracts

CONTRAST his life with the boyhood of Benny Leonard, that of Kid Lewis and Charlie White in London's White Chapel district; of Tommy Wilde, breaker boy in the dank, musty, gas-filled mines of the Rhonda Valley, or Charley Phil Rosenberg in the crowded Ghetto district of New York.

Jeffries became a ring star with the help of his environment; Leonard, Dundee, White, Wilde, Rosenberg, Louis Kid Kaplan, Jimmy Goodrich, Mickey Walker and Rocky Kansas and others despite of it.

Champions are born, not made.

Environment, however, still must play a prominent part, and opportunity just as great a one.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Many a champion remains undiscovered. Opportunity passes him by. Destiny frequently, perhaps always, directs which door Opportunity shall knock on.

That's the only answer.

But is it Destiny that decrees so many champions shall be spoiled in the making?

For every star piloted by a manager into the championship there are a score whose fistic career is shattered by faulty handling.

Greed, avariciousness of manager and promoter have wrecked the careers of many prominent boxers who seemed destined to high places in the fistic firmament.

Considering all things, luck, destiny, or what you choose to call it, sometimes seems the biggest factor of all. Truly, a champion has to be born under a lucky star.

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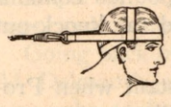

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R-4

Johnny Vacca, Organ Grinder, Gains Fistic Fame Overnight

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

FOR the first time in twenty years, the land of the sacred cod, meaning the State of Massachusetts, is waxing enthusiastic over the prospect of regaining the world bantamweight championship. The fans in that commonwealth are pinning their hopes on Johnny Vacca, who recently leaped into instantaneous popularity by walloping the daylights out of Fidel La Barba.

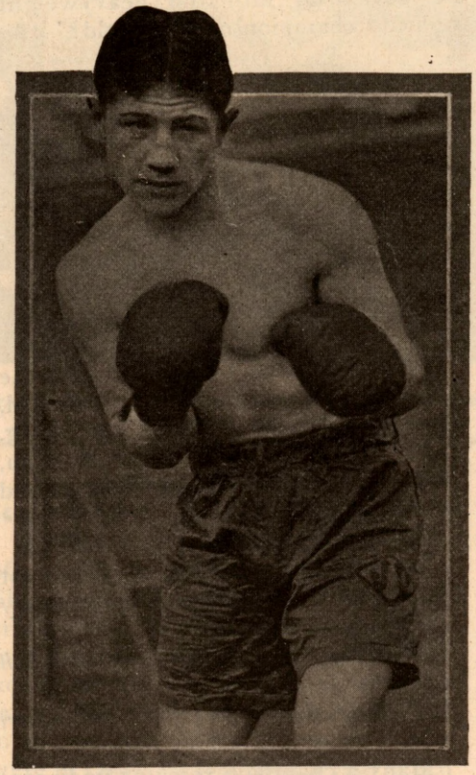
If Vacca obtains his objective he will jump into the shoes made vacant by the great Jimmy Walsh, who reigned supreme back in 1906. Walsh was the Hub's first and only pee-wee titleholder in modern fisticuffs. Vacca's countryman, Al Delmont, another Italian, just failed to make the grade, but he was recognized as champion by virtue of a victory over Joe Bowker, English crown bearer, but never officially tabbed as such. Vacca is one of the tiniest challengers in fistic history. He stands five feet two inches tall. In his street clothes he looks like a midget. But his 117 pounds contains unlimited endurance and a knock-out punch in both hands.

The time is not far distant when Promoter Ter Rickard will anounce an elimination series out of which the ultimate victor will be crowned successor of Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, who recently turned in his mythical diadem because he could no longer make the weight.

Battered La Barba

STRANGELY, the man who officiated as referee the night Vacca battered La Barba from pillar to post was Walsh. The flyweight king was on the rocky road to dreamland several times during the one-sided milling, but, thanks to the good-heartedness of Walsh, Fidel was enabled to weather the storm and remain on his feet when the last bell sounded.

"What was the use of winning by a kayo," reasoned Walsh when he met up with Vacca in the dressing room. "You had the fight won by a mile and it would have been a crime to have had La Barba counted out. You taught him a lesson, instilling in his mind the fact that he should fight in his own class and leave the heavier boys alone. You earned a world of credit by your wonderful fight, and I have no hesitancy in stating that there isn't a boy your weight and inches in the world who can lick you. Personally, I believe you are the next champion."



Johnny Vacca, Bay State's star flyweight, who caused big upset by mauling Fidel La Barba in their recent bout

Vacca smiled and chewed furiously on a cigar—Johnny is an inveterate smoker—as Walsh spoke. "I thank you very much, Mr. Walsh, for your boost," he replied, adding: "I hope to make good."

The sawed-off dynamic scrapper is in the same stable with Jack Sharkey, heavyweight contender; Lou Bogash and several other high-class performers under the management of Johnny Buckley. Vacca loves the ground Bogash treads on, and is in the corner every time Sharkey fights. He saw them score decisive victories in the new Madison Square Garden, Sharkey stopping the venerable Mike McTigue and Bogash staging a great comeback at the expense of Billy Vidabeck.

Street Fighter

VACCA was a born street fighter. He had the reputation of licking all the kids in the neighborhood with his bare fists in and around his home at Brighton, Mass. He first saw the light of day twenty-two years ago in Italy. Until a year or two ago he scaled 106 pounds. He participated in seventy-five amateur contests, out of which he scored a majority of victories, in addition to a flock of prizes, and in twenty-five professional starts he has been whipped only a few times.

We spent a pleasant hour with Vacca the day after Sharkey annihilated McTigue. The interview took place in Buckley's room in a hotel in the Roaring Forties. Johnny is a pleasant little fellow, speaks a fluent English but thinks twice before talking about his fistic prowess.

"Say, this is all a big dream to me, ever since I whipped La Barba," began Vacca as he bit into a fresh perfecto.

"Two months ago they would have kicked me off a street car in Boston if I didn't have the fare," he smilingly recalled. "Now the big sports wan to ride around with me in their big cars just to be seen with me, the tiny Italian who startled the world by licking the champ.

"Nobody, aside from my family, Johnny Buckley, my manager, Jack Sharkey, who is going to lick Gene Tunney before the Summer is out, Bogash and last, but most important of all, my sweetheart, Norma Lotti, of South Bridge, Mass.—Norma will be tickled when she reads this—ever thought I would be of the champion class."

Every boxer wants to win a championship, loves the adulation of the crowds and all the trimmings that go with a title, but this little Wop has a greater ambition. There was a twinkle in the pudgy boy's nose as he blurted out the following: "I don't care if I never win a championship so long as I can marry Lottie."

Vacca disclosed the information that he has enough money to build a comfortable home for Miss Lotti, adding: "Maybe I will own a car and other things—you know what I mean—a nursery, that's what I mean."

Buckley, Sharkey and Bogash listened with rapt attention.

The kid was going great guns. "Fame

don't mean a thing," he confessed, "if you haven't got a bankroll. After twenty-five professional fights, most of them star bouts, I'm broke. Five hundred dollars is the top money I ever received for a battle. In all, after fighting two years, my total earnings would not go over $3,000. Most of this dough went to the family."

Supports Family

UNTIL a few months ago when his father went to work as an auto painter, young Vacca was the main support of his folks. He has a mother, two sisters and three brothers.

"Things went so bad once, just after I left the amateur ranks and went after money matches, that my father and I pooled the family resources," Johnny continued. "He bought a horse and truck and I purchased a hurdy-gurdy and trained monk. Between bouts I would work the streets with the menagerie and my one-man organ. We got plenty of peanuts and little money, most of the latter in the form of hot pennies. Pounding the pavement fifteen hours a day seemed like torture to me but it was responsible for keeping me physically fit. Every living moment spent outdoors made a young Sandow of me.

"I had to lick plenty of tough kids to save my organ and Villa, the monk. Between hoofing it thirty and forty miles a day and rough and tumble fights with tormenting kids, mostly Irish, I began to improve as a fighter."

Vacca's birthplace was Pri Caserta, Italy. He was in his swaddling clothes when Jimmy Walsh was making his bid for the championship. He was born on January 21, 1904.

Father, a Farmer

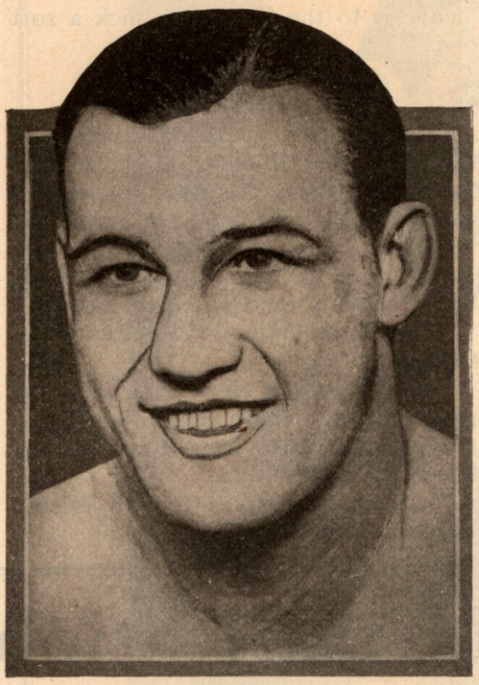
"POP was a farmer," he revealed, and, lured by the tales received from relatives, as to how this country was run by the Wops and Irish, and money grew as thick as Italian grapes, father moved to this country when I was two years of age. He hired a farm at Brighton. He gave us a good education. All my family are midgets. I am the biggest of the gang. We had to help run the farm. I can remember that the shovel I worked with as a boy was almost twice as big as I. Most of the things we raised was rocks. In time we cleared it and made it pay.

"I attended Thomas Gardner Public School in Brighton until the war broke out in Italy. My father's regiment got the call in 1916 and, though he could have remained here in safety, he engaged passage on the next ship, taking me along with him. He served in the Italian infantry on the Austrian front. He was discharged when he was gassed after two years in the army.

"I was twelve when we got back to Brighton. I entered school again and then this country got mixed up with the Kaiser. I went to work driving a cart at an airdrome. People used to kid me by taking me for the whip and wondering where the driver was. Then back to school once more and so that folk's won't take me for Gene Tunney, I wish to announce that I had to quit school to go to work when I was fourteen, just one grade below the graduating class.

Returns to Mine

BACK to the wagon for mine. This time I became pilot of a tip-cart, sixteen hours a day at $18 a week. For those of you who don't know what a tip-cart is, I'll explain. It's the ordinary dump-cart used in parks. There is



Jack Sharkey, who is on trail of Tunney's crown

a lever at the driver's right hand which releases the carriage, which, in turn, rises and dumps the contents. I used to drive up to a pile of sand, fill the cart and ride about eight miles to where some buildings were being constructed and then pile up the sand.

"To give mechanics and laborers an idea of what I could do and the strength I had even then, I used to work with a No. 8 shovel, the biggest made. I weighed 106 pounds and was just over five feet, but I was always good for one or two more trips a day than any other tip-cart expert."

With that much off his chest Vacca let us in on some of his valiant street fighting. He went along swimmingly until one day Red Kelly, a real tough 'un, approached him and knocked the chip off his shoulder. Red weighed 144 to his 106 pounds. They had it out in half an hour's bitter fighting in an improvised ring at Barry's corner, which is situated near the Harvard Stadium.

"They better have a coffin ready for you," Kelly warned Vacca. Fifteen knockdowns were scored between them. Kelly wanted to quit after the first twenty minutes, but Johnny refused to listen to reason. They were fighting bare-fisted. Red collapsed. Today Kelly is Vacca's dearest friend. He goes to all his fights. The Kelly imbroglio planted the seed of Vacca's boxing career. The first time he put on gloves was at a smoker on which occasion he fought two boys in one night. He lost one and won the other.

For his efforts he received $4 but he didn't get a quarter because his "manager" ran off with the purse. He saw a flock of gloves the night he boxed Mike Minelski, a Polish lad. The Minelski bout was his first in the simon pure ranks. He also boxed Sammy Fuller and Harry Goldstein, who are now top-notchers. Fuller a few weeks ago trounced Red Chapman. Incidentally, Fuller in one of three battles they fought in the professional ranks, gave Vacca the hardest fight of his life.

Never in New York

Vacca's first professional engagement was with Gene Ruchon, whom he beat. They fought in one of the preliminaries to the Paul Doyle-Eddie Shevlin bout.

After one of the Fuller scraps, Buckley inveighled him into the fold. He had a couple of "managers" before Buckley happened on the scene.

Going back over our notes we find that Al Delmont's son was among the few boys who took Vacca's measure.

Vacca has never displayed his wares in a New York ring. He came near boxing in Father Knick's domain a year ago. He was matched with Tommy Milton but at the last minute Tommy's manager cancelled the engagement.

The first glimpse he got of La Barba was the night he fought Lew Perfetti in the New Garden.

"I can lick that guy," meaning La Barba, Vacca informed Buckley. "If you never do another thing for me get me that bloke. I'll knock his brain out."

Vacca called the turn to a fine T when he finally got La Barba in a ring with him. He gave him a lathering that Fidel will carry with him to his grave. The attendance was poor. The receipts amounted to $7,780, out of which La Barba received the lion's share. The promoter got $300 for his troubles. Vacca didn't get a dime. After the fight Buckley dug down in his jeans and gave his protege $500.

Vacca's greatest diversion is ice skating. He has played a little baseball.

Funny Happenings In The Ring

By J. A. WHYTE

ONE April evening back in 1900 Mr. Edward Dunkhorst, "the human freight car," so far forgot himself as to step into the ring to swap puss-jammers and jaw-breakers with Bob Fitzsimmons. The freckled warrior was in a hurry, so it came to pass that in the second stanza Dunkhorst's jaw ran into a left hook, and the mammoth Syracusian went down and out. When his seconds got some semblance of life into Dunkhorst by the application of a bucket of water, he muttered:

"What happened?" "Why the roof fell in," said Tommy Ryan, grinning. "Then it must have hit me," murmured the Syracuse giant, with a far-away look in his eyes.

Dunkhorst was never a good fighter but he managed to get by on his bulk. During his ring career the big fellow tipped the beam at from 225 to 250 pounds. "I hope I never get knocked out," he once remarked, laughingly, "because I don't know how they will carry me to my corner."

Dunkhorst fought Hall, Maher and Fitzsimmons. He died in Chicago in 1915, at the age of 38 years. "Big Ed" was six feet seven inches in height and weighed 672 pounds at the time of his death.

Picking 'em Soft

EMIL THIERY of Chicago was in England with Willie Ritchie in 1914, and made quite a hit with the smart London sporting element. A wealthy sportsman invited Thiery out to his country estate to do a little shooting over the week-end. While showing him around the house, the Britisher stopped at an open bedroom door and said with pride:

"Here, sir, is where the great Nelson slept!" Emil went over and gave the bed a touch. "Gee!" he remarked, "leave it to the Battler to pick a soft one!"

He Lived in Vain

SOME twenty years back, when Joe Gans was the king of all the lightweight fighters, the negro champion entered a St. Paul hotel and asked for a room.

"Get out of here," said the clerk. "This hotel doesn't cater to niggers."

"Wot?" said Joe. "Why, Ah's Joe Gans."

For answer the clerk had Joe's luggage thrown out on the walk, and as the great negro fighter turned to follow it, he said sadly:

"It sure do look as though Mistah Lincoln lived in vain."

Not Terryfied

AFTER Young Corbett scored his sensational two round knockout over Terry McGovern in 1903, the Denver youngster went on the vaudeville stage for a time, and let off some good jokes.

"Mr. Corbett, in your recent unpleasantness with Mr. McGovern, weren't you awfully scared?" queried a fellow comedian.

"Yes," smiled the conqueror, "I was rather scared, but I wasn't Terryfied."

Got His Names Mixed

WHEN Young Griffo was waiting to wind up with Frank Erne at the latter's testimonial in Buffalo on December 20, 1895, the manager of the Music Hall, where the testimonial was being held, told Billy Newman, Jim Kennedy and Young Griffo that Paderewski who was to appear in the Music Hall the following night, had an advance sale of $2,700 worth of tickets, Griffo looking astonished, said:

"Why, I know that fellow Paderewski. He is the Irish wrestler, and if he can make that amount of money in one night I will give up boxing and be a wrestler."

The Ring's Identification Contest In This Issue—See Pages 20 and 21

ON Pages 20 and 21 in this issue you will find photographs of well-known boxers of the past and present. Some you will know at a glance. Others you may not recognize so easily.

These pages of photographs present the third series in THE RING'S Identification Contest. If you can identify the boxers depicted in each issue, you will get the choice of a set of Spink's 1,000 famous sports stories, a Lind-Hendrickson giant grip machine, Andrews' 100 Years of Boxing, a copy of "Ruby Robert," by Bob Davis, or an Everlast jersey sweater.

These will be given for the correct answers to the 18 photographs in each issue. The contest will be continued for four months, and at the end of the period there will be grand prizes for those who have identified all the pictures —72 for the four months.

To those who are able to identify every one of the pictures in the February, March, April and May issues, THE RING will present a cash prize of $25.

The grand contest will close at midnight, on June 1, 1927.

The April contest will close on April 15 for readers in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and on May 1 for all others.

Study the pictures carefully. There are no "bush leaguers" among them. After you have identified them write the names and the numbers on a sheet of paper, adding your name and address. Use only one side of the paper and write legibly. Then mail the sheet to

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If at the end of the contest no reader has succeeded in identifying all the photographs correctly, those who come nearest to naming all, will each receive $25.

Don't give up. Try again. You may be the lucky one.

Berlenbach's Rise to Fame

Paul Deserted Wrestling Game in Which He Won Olympic Honors

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THE boxing world was recently stunned by the knockout of Paul Berlenbach, erstwhile Astoria Assassin, by Mike McTigue and the subsequent retirement of Berlie to enter the lumber business. The passing of this character from the boxing game, lost to the sport a most popular fellow whose greatest asset in his early days was his cave-man style and whose rapid downfall was brought about by his transformation from a boxer of the slugging type to a boxer

Berlenbach was one of the few champions of modern times who was as expert in the field of wrestling as he was in the field of pugilism. Ring tradition has it that a wrestler can not become a good boxer. Many of the world's most famous grapplers have tried their hand at the boxing game, but failed. Included in this list are the great Frank Gotch, who when in his prime, had a notion that he could whip Jim Jeffries and he immediately set out to prove to his friends that it was not a mere illusion. But Gotch found much to his amazement and discomfiture that boxing was a far different game than wrestling and he was fully convinced that his future remained in the mat sport.

Then we have the case of George Hackenschmidt, as powerful a man as ever entered the roped arena. He also thought he could whip Jeffries and he proceeded to train with Gunner Moir who held the English heavyweight championship. The Gunner was a transformed wrestler and Hackenschmidt declared that with his agility, and strength, he could easily whip Moir. Hence why not Jeffries? Then along came Tommy Burns, beat Moir, Hackenschmidt's friend, to a frazzle and Hackenschmidt's dream was shattered.

Still another splendid, powerful, fast wrestler, Joe Rogers, the Giant Apollo, got a notion into his head that he was stronger than any boxer of his time, and he took up boxing, but after several starts which convinced him of his folly, he also quit the game.

Dempsey Convinced Lewis

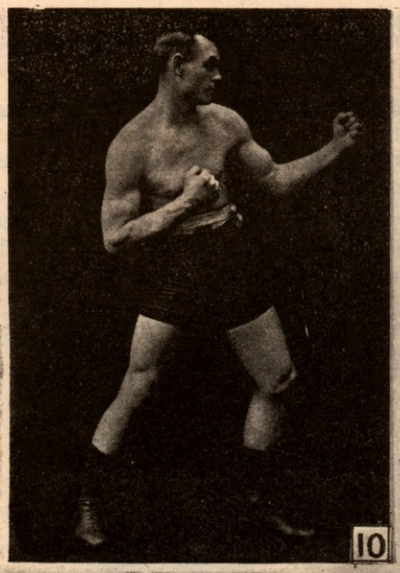
More recently we have the case of Ed Strangler Lewis, heavyweight champion. He is a fairly good boxer as has been exemplified in his workout occasionally with Jack Dempsey, but Dempsey easily proved to the Strangler in a Coast contest last year that he was Lewis's master, and the Strangler there and then decided to stick to wrestling.

Paul Berlenbach, former world's middleweight champion, a real fighting champion, was one of the few former amateur or professional wrestlers who made good as a boxer, especially in the pro ranks. Paul was an amateur grappler, and a splendid one. He competed for the New York A. C. and he won the amateur championship for his club.

While in training in the Mercury Foot gymnasium, he put the gloves on one day with Dan Hickey, boxing instructor and his present mentor and manager. Dan, former handler of Bob Fitzsimmons, saw a diamond in the rough, and despite friend's advice to the contrary, Paul listened to Hickey and decided to try his hand in glove contests.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Guess the Names---Each Has Achieved Fame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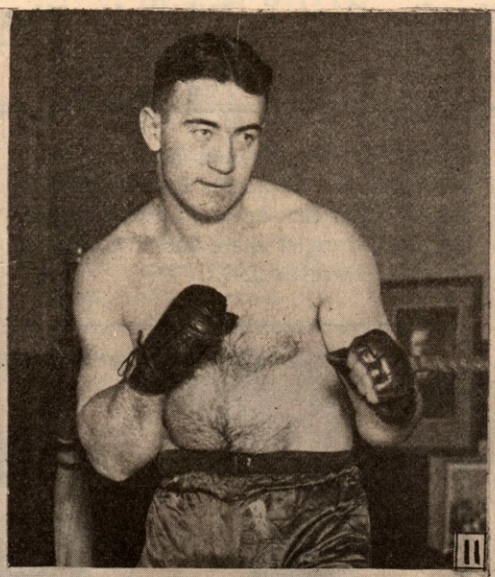
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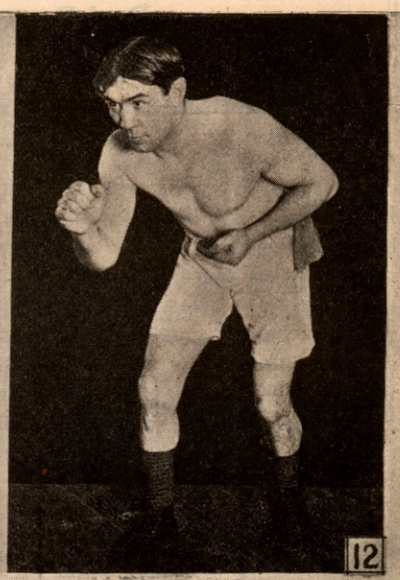
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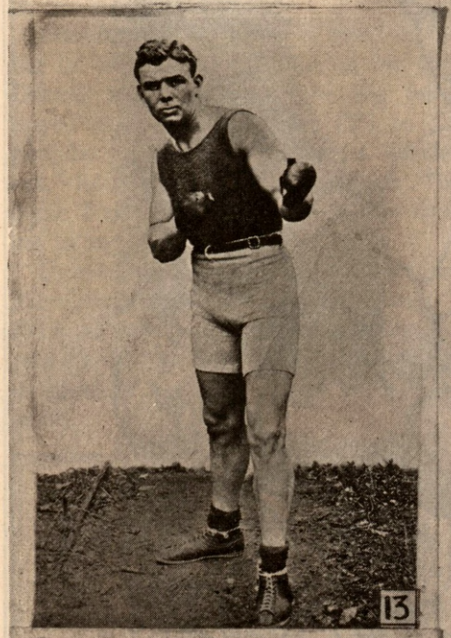
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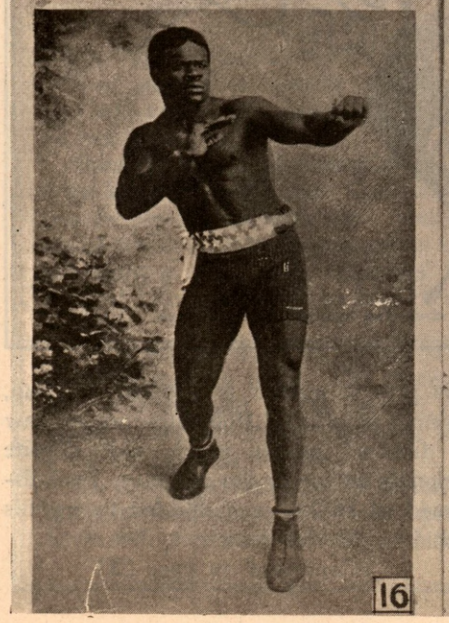
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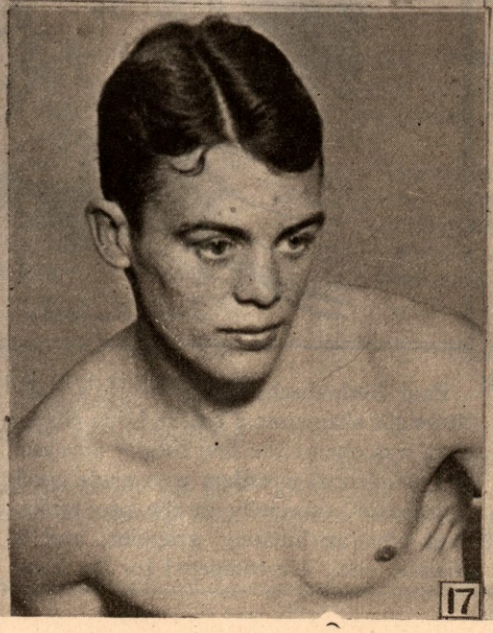
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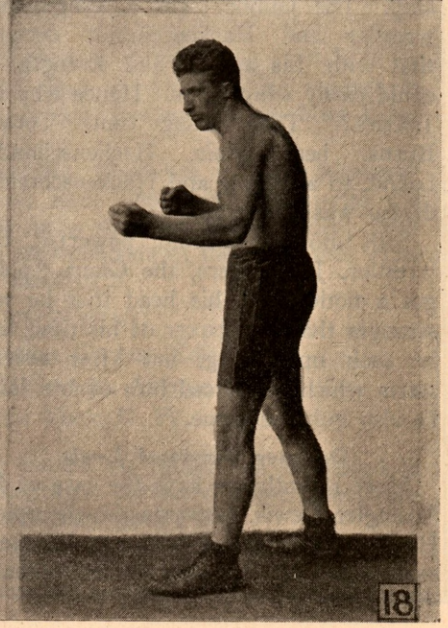
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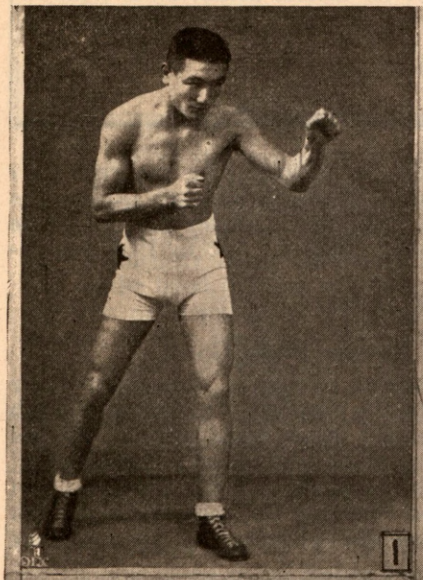
Have You a Camera Eye? Can You Identify These?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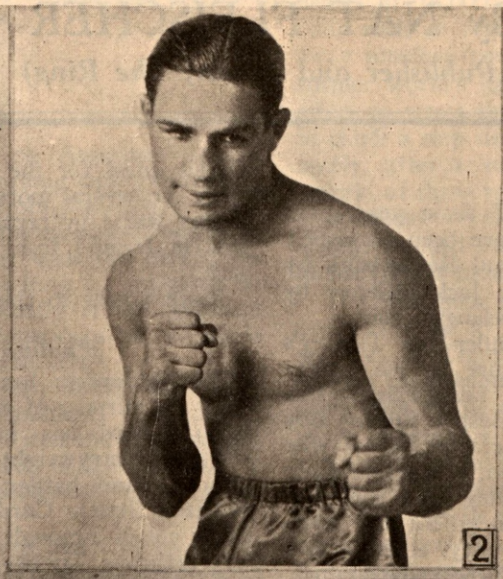
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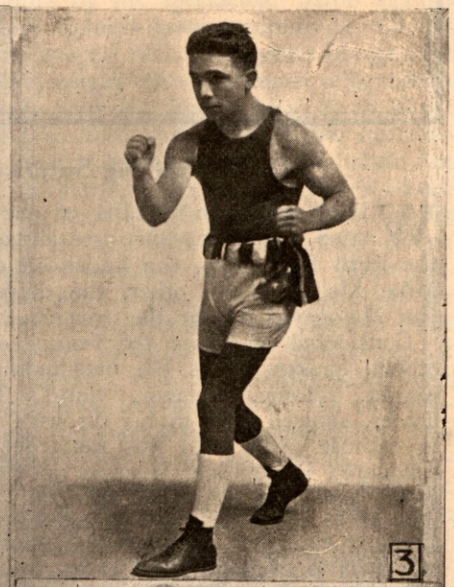
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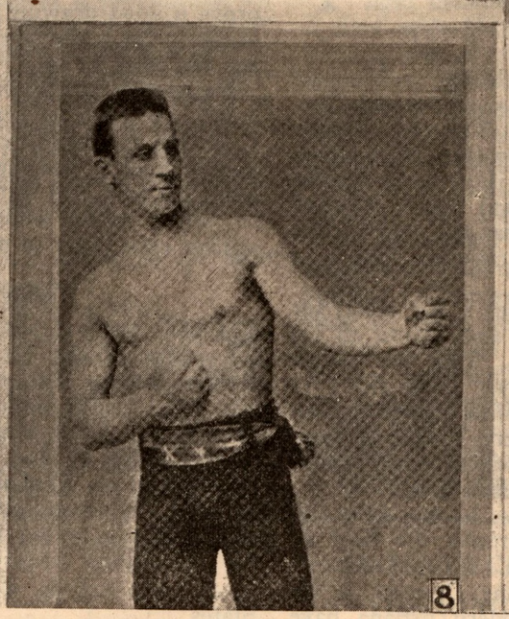
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AS WE SEE IT

By NAT FLEISCHER

(Publisher and Editor, The Ring)

Two Big Surprises

WITH only two months of the 1927 fistic year gone two big boxing surprises already have been furnished the fight fans—one, the knockout of Paul Berlenbach by Mike McTigue, the other, the defeat of Jack Delaney by Jim Maloney. By far the greater, was Delaney's rout.

Considered by many the leading contender for Tunney's crown, spoken of as the outstanding figure in the heavyweight division, Delaney, world's light heavyweight title holder, showed little in his tilt with the Boston Strong Boy to enthuse over. He was far from the crafty fighter who conquered Berlenbach, knocked out Gorman, and made other rivals look like proverbial novices. Delaney may still feel that he is deserving of a chance at Tunney, but his overwhelming defeat in a poor contest, temporarily, at least, sets him into the background of heavyweight contenders.

With Delaney out of the way, Tex Richard now can rest a little easier. Tex's nemesis, Humbert Fugazy, who had been hot on Tunney's trail because of Gene's refusal to sign for a bout with Delaney, has now lost his heavyweight ace, but in that loss, Fugazy, should he get the services of Delaney for the summer as he declared he has, still will have an ace as a drawing card in Delaney for several light heavyweight bouts.

The first bout in the elimination series has checked the rise of its most picturesque fighter, the leading drawing card of the age, and has brought into the field a Bostonian who, it was freely predicted, would be put out of the running at an early date. Delaney continues, however, the attraction of old, but will have to confine his efforts to his own class if he intends to pack 'em in as before.

This is as it should be. Delaney should either fight in his own division where there are several boys worthy of a chance at his title, or should relinquish the crown, take on some weight and confine himself wholly to the heavyweights, in which event, we predict he would soon emerge second best if not the best in his class. But to continue as a light heavyweight and give away twenty to thirty or more pounds to opponents no matter how poorly conditioned they may be, is asking too much even for a Jack Delaney.

* * *

Paul Berlenbach Retires

AS for Berlenbach, he demonstrated clearly in his bout with McTigue that the ferociousness of the old "Astoria Assassin" was a thing of the past. The only conclusion one could draw from his bout with the man from whom he once won the lightheavyweight crown, is that six months of idleness in sightseeing on the coast had shorn Paul of much of his aggressiveness and vim, or that the transformation of Berlenbach from a fighter of the caveman type to a boxer, proved his undoing.

In the defeat of Berlenbach, boxing loses a big asset, for Paul has decided to retire from the ring and devote all his time in the future to the lumber business. That Berlenbach was a credit to the sport, none can deny. Ever ready to fight, Paul defended his crown more often while champion than any of the title holders of his period and always fought his best. Berlenbach had a host of admirers in the fistic world whose well wishes will follow him into the business field.

As for Paul's conqueror, Mike McTigue, he has fully demonstrated in his comeback that he outranks the field of contenders and has earned the right for a shot at Delaney's title. For his years, McTigue, like Johnny Dundee, is the wonder of the age. Few fighters of modern fistiana have come through with such startling form reversal as has Mike. He has bowled over those who have stood in his path in Mike's quest for the championship, and if he can retain his form for several more months, McTigue may yet astound the boxing world by regaining from Jack Delaney the title Mike won in Ireland from Battling Siki and lost to Paul Berlenbach.

More power to this ring veteran!

* * *

Paolino and Heeney Make Good

TWO foreign heavyweights, coming to this country for the purpose of entering the elimination tournament which Tex Rickard has inaugurated have made good. Paolino Uzcuden, heavyweight champion of Europe, and Tom Heeney, New Zealand battler, both appearing on the same card in Madison Square Garden on February 26, came through with flying colors although neither showed enough to presume they will dethrone Tunney.

Paolino, the Basque Woodchopper, in scoring a decisive victory over Knute Hansen, proved conclusively that he possesses all the strength and the gameness which this writer heralded upon his return from Europe last year. With plenty of courage, heaps of color, a fighting heart and an aggressive spirit, this Spanish visitor should be able to mow down most of the so-called contenders for Gene Tunney's crown but we doubt that he will be able to advance any further than the semi-finals because he lacks technique, is as wide open as the branches of the giant oaks which he has been bowling over in the Pyrenees and knows absolutely nothing about the science of boxing.

The powerful Basque, in his battle with Hansen, took the Dane's stiffest right drives to the point of the jaw and the body, yet gathered them in with a smile. Some of the smashes caught Paolino as he came charging head on like the wild bulls so famous in his native heath and the impact jarred him from head to heels, yet failed to slow him. Such gameness is enough to take the heart out of the greatest of fighters and on this alone, do we predict a triumphant march for Paolino in most of his battles.

In Heeney, the fans saw a beefy, big shouldered chap who is ever eager to tear in and swap punches with his adversary but who, like Paolino, lacks technique and polish but should prove a good drawing card because of his ability to give and to take. He is the type of heavyweight that the American boxing fan likes to see.

Regardless of the progress that Heeney and Paolino might make, one thing is certain. Tex Richard, favored by Dame Luck, has unearthed two more good drawing cards. The heavyweight craze is one that will not down until Gene Tunney defends his title, and during the interval, Tex is certain to make hay while the sun shines by continuing to pit his heavyweights against each other in an unlimited number of tilts.

* * *

Teddy Baldock's Attacks

SOME persons have a peculiar way of repaying hospitality. Take for example the case of Teddy Baldock, British bantam who engaged in eleven bouts in the country last fall. Teddy seemed to be well satisfied with his treatment in the U. S. while here, much as it should be, judging by the reams of fine yarns spun about his ability, yet upon his return to England Baldock opened up a barrage on American sportsmanship, our promoters and boxers that ill-befitted his reception here. Teddy apparently was ill-advised for no visiting boxer ever received such splendid treatment on foreign soil as did Baldock during his sojourn in the States.

Baldock came to New York without a reputation and went back home an international figure. In what other country

could this lad have made such rapid headway, regardless of ability, other than in the U. S.? It is deeply regretted that Baldock turned against those who were instrumental in bringing him to the front. He is too good a boy to lose prestige through unwarranted attacks on foreign friends and we trust he will soon see the error of his ways.

* * *

Tommyrot, Say We

FOLLOWING the Baldock attack on American boxers, was the following in a London morning daily, written by one who declared he had just returned from the U.S.:

"Regarding referees in America, they permit about everything on the calendar to go, including hitting with the elbow, the heel of the hand, holding and hitting, kicking an opponent on the shin or stepping on the toes, especially if the opponent chanced to be a foreigner. What the Americans like to see is something of a street corner or bar room mixup."

What a lot of assinity! Just think of any British newspaper editor permitting such trash to enter his column!

The writer continues with a statement that the degeneration of boxing in America in recent years is due to the fact that the American boxing enthusiasts have a preference for the caveman type of boxer.

"The crowds that attend the New York and Chicago fights are strictly of the blood thirsty type. Throughout the contests one can hear the cry, 'Kill him,' 'Knock his roof off,' 'Murder him' and so on, which goes up like the fiery breath of a blast furnace."

Then not content with this lurid description, he goes still further with the following:

"Never in my life have I heard such profanity as is heaped about the American fight arenas, especially in New York. The air is always crimson with the foulness that comes from the mouths of hundreds of fight enthusiasts, who probably never had the personal experience of putting up their dukes. In the sternly fought contest at the Ring here in Blackfriars, the crowds frequently smash silence to smithereens but the biggest hullabaloo heard in Mrs. Dick Burge's Ring or at Albert Hall, when all Jewry expostulates with the referees, is a gentle, gracious whisper in comparison with what an English visitor is shocked with at an American boxing show."

* * *

More Orderly Here Than Elsewhere

FROM our knowledge of British sportsmen, it is difficult to believe that any Englishman who prides himself on his sportsmanship, would stoop so low as to utter such vile accusations against the sport in the U. S. without a justification for such an attack. True there are spots of rowdyism here as there is in every part of the world, in every sport, cricket and association football included, yet from personal observations in many foreign lands and many sections of our own country, The Ring publisher challenges any person to contradict the unqualified statement that nowhere in the world is boxing carried on in such an orderly manner as in the United States, where competent State Boxing Commissions have placed the sport on the highest level it ever has enjoyed.

What nonsense for a British boxing enthusiast to utter through the columns of a reputable newspaper!

What tommyrot to ask British readers to believe!

Tommy Milligan, who received an ovation such as he never got in Great Britain, on the occasion of a poor decision against him in his bout in the United States with Jack Zivic; Teddy Baldock, Alf Mancini, Jack Hood, Elky Clarke, Tommy Sullivan, Alf Simmons, Ted Moore, Tommy West and many other British boxers who have recently returned from the U. S., know that the reflection on American boxing methods, American boxers and the American fight fan as depicted in this unsportsmanship British attack, is untruthful, unwarranted and a reflection on British intelligence.

Our conclusion is that the writer of the above comparison between American and British boxing knows absolutely nothing about how boxing is conducted in the United States.

Mike McTigue's Defeat

MIKE McTIGUE, veteran 38-year-old scrapper, despite his unfortunate defeat at the hands of Jack Sharkey in Madison Square Garden on March 3, endeared himself into the hearts of 14,000 spectators by his spectacular battle against odds such as few modern fighters have encountered. Giving away nineteen pounds in weight, and many years in age, the former world's light heavyweight champion made a herculean effort to wrest the laurels from his Boston rival in an effort to climb a step nearer a bout with Gene Tunney, but unfortunately, after a valiant attempt in which he had a clear cut margin of three rounds on Sharkey, Mike was forced to accept a knockout verdict when Referee Kid McPartland, acting wisely, stopped the contest in the twelfth round. A cut artery in McTigue's mouth made continuation of the bout dangerous.

The bout goes into the record books as a knockout, but the real victor up to the time of intervention, was the old Irish warrior, McTigue. Although Mike had tired perceptibly, it seemed improbable that Sharkey, who was coming along at a rapid rate in the closing rounds and had earned the two previous sessions by safe margins, could have gained better than a draw unless he beat Mike decisively by a knockout.

The bout, though a whirlwind affair, one of the best if not the best seen in the heavyweight tournaments to date, again served notice on the light heavyweights that it is a mighty dangerous procedure to go out of one's class by spotting considerable weight to an opponent. More so, especially, when, as in the case of McTigue, he spotted many years to his younger opponent.

The defeat of Jack Delaney and McTigue should convince the boys of this folly and should act as a final lesson. Mike as a light heavyweight stands in the front rank of contenders for Delaney's crown and he should concentrate all his efforts on gaining such bout instead of trying for the heavyweight honors.

We disagree with most of the critics who sang the swan song for McTigue because of his defeat by Sharkey. On the contrary, Mike proved that he is greater now than at any time in his career and should be in a position to reap a harvest this summer. Popular as he is, McTigue would prove as much a drawing card as Jack Delaney in a battle for the light heavy crown and our advice to Jimmy Johnston, able manager and second of the Irishman, is not to work for a return bout with Sharkey but force the issue for a battle with the man who now holds the crown once worn by Boild Mike.

* * *

Jimmy Delaney's Untimely Death

THE unfortunate death of Jimmy Delaney, clever Western light heavyweight, from blood poisoning contracted after a bout with Maxie Rosenbloom, removes from the field of fistiana one of America's leading contenders for the crown now worn by his namesake, Jack Delaney. Delaney will be remembered as one of the topnotchers of the present era, a boy who possessed considerable skill, a splendid fighting head and a punch that carried an abundance of power behind it.

To Jimmy Delaney, the present heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney, owes the splendid condition he was in on the night when he wrested the crown from Jack Dempsey. It was Delaney who acted as Gene's leading sparring partner, and, according to Tunney, it was through Delaney's method of attack, that he, Gene, gained such proficiency for the Battle of the Sesqui. Fast on his feet, shifty to the nth degree, a sharpshooter par excellence and a fighter who could both give and take—these were the assets which Jimmy Delaney possessed.

The boxing world mourns the loss of a clean-cut, honest, capable boxer in Jimmy Delaney.

MAY HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE.

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In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Apparently, the bigger the fight, the harder the public falls.

And the harder the public falls, the stronger will it come back for more punishment. Old Publius P. Public is a glutton for financial punishment.

Not that we have any sympathy with the bird who breaks a leg in his eagerness to pay $100 *for a* $5 *ticket, and then squawks that he was taken in.*

These Be Strange Times

THE sporting situation is all scrambled. Fighters suffer from tennis elbow and tennis players sport cauliflower ears.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE OLD-FASHIONED FIGHTER WHO CHEWED TOBACCO AND THOUGHT THAT TENNIS WAS AN EFFEMINATE PASTIME FOR THE IDLE RICH FEMALE?

Boxing has run itno too much money. It is full of side agreements, private concessions, financial schemes worthy of our Wall street giants. If some of the star manipulators of the mauve past were to come back they would rush from the game bewildered—and envious.

Fidel Heard a Few Tricks

JOHNNY VACCA gave up a venerable monk and a hurdy-gurdy to go in for boxing. Fidel La Barba hasn't quite decided whether Vacca took him for a monkey or a hand-organ that cold, cold night in Boston.

IT'S DANGEROUS TO GO AROUND LOOKING FOR SUCKERS THESE DAYS. LA BARBA CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH PETE LATZO, WHO WENT DOWN TO GRAB HIMSELF SOME EASY MONEY AGAINST CLYDE HULL IN DALLAS. PETE GRABBED HIMSELF A GOOD PASTING, AND NOW HE'S WISER.

Moral for La Barba and Latzo: The suckers no longer are in the sticks. They are much closer to Broadway.

Young Stribling seems to have dropped out of the scenario indefinitely. Pa Stribling burned his son out and now it is too late to rekindle the spark despite the youth of William L.

The Well Holds Just So Much

THERE is only a certain amount of balm in the fistic Gilead. If you get it too early you're bound to be forced to call a halt soon.

The buildup of Paolino will proceed apace. All the elements which figured in the development of Firpo as a colorful figure may be looked for in the construction of the Basque Woodchopper as a contender, more or less.

Too bad Peter Maher is five years older than he is.

They've got to haul Jack Dempsey back into the heavyweight festivities to give them weight and body and color. It would be tough if the report that Dempsey has said good-bye to boxing turned out to be true.

Wherein Maloney Failed

JIMMY MALONEY beat Jack Delaney with plenty to spare, but Jimmy is no potential world beater. Had he been a great fighter that night he would have knocked out Monsieur Chapdelaine.

What has become of the old-fashioned heavyweight fight in which somebody was knocked down?

Imagine hitters like Delaney and Maloney fighting ten rounds without either going down for even a short count?

After seeing Maloney and Delaney, friends of Tunney wired him in the West, "Title safe until you have long whiskers."

Not that these fellows are world beaters or will work their way into the semi-finals of the elimination tourney, but because each has enough color to add to the Garden exchequer.

Even a Miracle Man can't do the impossible! Poor old Mike McTigue!

One couldn't help but cheer and sympathize with this veteran of thirty-eight years for his gallant showing against Jack Sharkey, but even a classy performer as Mike must learn that Old Age must give way to youth.

NEVER MIND, MICHAEL, OLD BOY. YOU'RE STILL GOOD ENOUGH TO GIVE JACK DELANEY A THRILLING BATTLE FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE AND THE ODDS WON'T BE 1 TO 3 AGAINST YOU.

Ted Lewis Developing Talent in Hungary

Budapest, Hungary.—Ted (Kid) Lewis, former world's welterweight champion, has been appointed boxing instructor of the Hungarian Boxing Association. Ted takes care of close to 1,000 pupils per week. He has four classes daily, with forty pupils in each class. These consist of army officers, police officers, the home boxing team, professionals and amateurs.

There are sixty athletic clubs in Hungary and each sends down at least one representative for special instruction. When these representatives are proficient, they become instructors in their own organization, thus fostering boxing on a large scale.

The Association is backed by the government and Ted Lewis is a semi-national official. He already has unearthed three good prospects in the professional lightweight division and has at least a dozen good prospects for the next Olympic game.

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Griffo Greatest Lightweight of All Time Says Former Manager

RING readers from time to time have been treated to many interesting articles on Young Griffo, one of the cleverest, if not the cleverest boxer that ever put on a pair of gloves, but it remains for Edward E. Williams of Pilkington, Virginia, to jot down a few items on this famous character which never before have found their way into print. Mr. Williams, who handled all of Griffo's affairs in the East, gives it as his opinion that no man of modern glove days was Griffo's master. "He was the peer of them all," says the Australian's former manager, and "I say this with all due respect to such ring marvels as Joe Gans, Benny Leonard and Packey McFarland.

"I handled Griffo along with Mick Dunn of Sydney, Australia, in all of his fights east of Chicago and I know Griffo's life history as I would know that of my own child. I recently read an article in which it was published that Young Griffo fought Patsy Haley. Haley never fought Griffo nor refereed a bout in which the Australian took part. Likewise for Kid McPartland.

"The only reason that Young Griffo never held a championship was because before we could get a bout for him, we were compelled to sign articles of agreement with the manager of Griffo's rival in which it was stipulated that if both men were on their feet at the end of the bout, the contest was to be declared a draw. Of course such agreement would not be valid under our present, efficient boxing commission supervision.

"There were two bouts in which Griffo took part in which, in my opinion, he was jobbed. The fight between the Australian and Jack McAuliffe was one and that with a fellow named Thompkins was the other.

"In the fight between Griffo and McAuliffe, Maxey Moore, of the New York Athletic Club, was the referee, and he had two registering devices in his hands so that he could register the punches of both fighters. Not once during the 12 rounds did McAuliffe land one punch, but Griffo gave him the worst lacing of his career and at the finish Moore gave the decision to McAuliffe. The audience was spellbound for a minute and then they broke out. When asked why he gave such a decision, Moore said that he got mixed up on the devices he had used.

THE amazing feature was that before the fight Griffo had been locked in his room where we all stopped and we

YOUNG GRIFFO

took all his clothes away so that he could not get drunk. About 2 o'clock we were sent for and told Griffo was down the Bowery drinking. We found he had torn the bed clothes up and let himself down and stole a bathing suit from a bathhouse.

"We got a policeman and brought Griffo to the hotel. He was in his bare feet, and before we could get him up to his room he insisted on getting his feet shined, and to please him we got him in a barber shop and told him he must have a shave before he went into the ring. We got 100 feet of clothes line and tied Griffo in the barber chair and put hot towels on him to sober him up.

Tim Hurst refereed the bout with Thompkins.

A gang from Philadelphia bet heavily on Thompkins and at the end of the first 15 rounds Hurst gave the decision to Thompkins. Hurst undoubtedly was intimidated, as Griffo won that fight all the way.

"I have been mighty interested in the series on 'The Greatest Fighters of All times,' which appear in each issue of The Ring, and have read with interest what some of the critics have had to say about Leonard and Gans being Griffo's superiors. In my opinion there never was a lightweight the equal of Griffo in science, and it will take many more years before such another will be developed."

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In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Vincent Curci, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who would win between Bushey Graham and Bud Taylor? (2) Will Eddie (Cannonball) Martin ever fight again? (3) Who would win in a return match between Phil McGraw and Ace Hudkins?

A.—(1) Taylor. (2) No. (3) Hudkins has beaten him twice. He can whip him again.

Chick Benson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q—(1) Was Bud Taylor ever knocked out? (2) Did Benny Hall ever fight Carl Tremaine? (3) Do you think Joe Ryder will ever be a champion? (4) Who is the manager of Italian Jack Herman?

A.—(1) No. (2) No. (3) No. (4) Tom O'Rourke.

Joseph J. Divis, Stonehurst, Pa.

Q.—(1) Who would win a return match between Tunney and Dempsey? (2) Was Dempsey's eye closed at the end of his last bout?

A.—(1) Dempsey. (2) Yes.

Lee Morris, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How can I get in touch with Lew Tendler? Who is his present manager?

A.—Write to Phil Glassman, his manager, Colonial Trust Co. Building, Philadelphia.

Sammy Bloom, New York City.

Q.—Can Sammy Dorfman beat Lew Kirsch, Babe Herman, Benny Bass, Chick Suggs, Tony Canzoneri in six rounds? Will he ever be a champion?

A.—That's asking too much of the youngster. He is a great prospect.

A. Peterson, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What is the nationality of Jack Dempsey?

A.—Irish-Scotch-American.

Albert Bennett, Elizabeth, N. J.

Q.—I am sixteen years old and weigh 132 pounds. Am I too young to enter the amateur ranks?

A.—No.

H. F. Sellers, East Moline, Ill.

Q.—Was there ever a titleholder by the name of Jack Dempsey other than the one who was recently defeated?

A.—Yes, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey who held the middleweight championship.

Frank Garcia, Steubenville, Ohio.

Q.—Did Harry Persson ever fight Paolino?

A.—No.

"Schoolboy" Dickens, Magnolia, Ark.

Q.—(1) Who are the six greatest fighters in the heavyweight class today? (2) How old is Tunney?

A.—(1) Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Paolino, Arthur De Kuh, Jim Maloney, Jack Sharkey, (2) Twenty-eight.

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Charles Burwell, Houston, Texas.

Q.—When and where was Floyd Johnson born? Is he still fighting?

A.—July 23, 1900, Des Moines, Iowa. He has hung up his gloves.

T. Chuncey, Rutland, Vt.

Q.—Has Johnny Vacca a chance to become world champion?

A.—Yes.

Sol Weiss, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did the Dixie Kid ever beat Joe Walcott? (2) Was Marty Summers ever leading welter contender? (3) What do you think of Augie Pisano as a lightweight contender?

A.—(1) He won on foul in twenty rounds. (2) No. (3) Fair.

Bill Durham, Fitchburg, Mass.

Q.—What would the decision be if a champion and his opponent were fighting and the opponent dropped and then before the ten was counted the champ dropped also?

A.—The one who arose before ten was counted would win. If both were counted out decision would be a draw.

Harry Glassenburg, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who is the cleverer Terris or Leonard? Who would win? (2) Could Terris lick Tendler Driscoll, Jackson, Dundee?

A.—(1) Leonard. Leonard. (2) No.

Betty Moffett, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—Where can I reach George Courtney?

A.—National Sports Alliance headquarters, Broadway and 43rd Street, New York City.

Morris Berg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) How much bandage and adhesive tape is a boxer allowed to use? (2) Does an English champ lose his title in England only or can he lose it in America or France?

A.—(1) Soft cloth six feet long by one and one-half inches wide and two feet surgeon's tape for each hand?

Emil A. Jakush, Stevens Point, Wis.

Q.—I am nineteen years old, weigh 142 pounds and five feet nine inches in height. Can I become a boxer by taking a course in boxing and training?

A.—Boxing and training courses will help you a great deal. You are the right age to take up the manly art for ring purposes.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—Who would win the following if they were in their prime—Jack Dempsey vs. Jim Jeffries, Jack Delaney vs. Bob Fitzsimmons, Harry Greb vs. Stanley Ketchel, Joe Gans vs. Benny Leonard?

A.—Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Ketchel, Gans.

J. L. Gray, Huntington, West Va.

Q.—Why isn't Wills considered in Rickard's selections?

A.—Ask Tex, he knows. Perhaps the fact that the Brown Panther was whipped by Boston Jack Sharkey eliminated him as a heavyweight factor in the big promoter's estimation.

Louis Zippeman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What were the measurements of Terry McGovern? (2) Is a boxer credited by the judges if he carries the fight to his opponent? (3) What should be the normal measurements of a featherweight developed boxer?

A.—(1) Height five feet four inches. Weighed 116 ringside when he won bantam title; 118 when he was crowned feather king. (2) He is credited with aggressiveness. But that alone does not win. Effective punching is first, aggressiveness second, defensive skill third in making decision. (3) About five feet four inches to five feet six inches and 126 pounds.

Jack Larmer, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—Who are some of the Jewish boxers in the ring today?

A.—Sid Terris, Benny Leonard, Battling Levinsky, Benny Bass, Jack Bernstein, Sammy Berne, Mushy Callahan, Red Chapman, Milton Cohen, Meyer Cohen, Sammy Dorfman, Harry Felix, Jackie Fields, Sailor Friedman, Joe Glick, Abe Goldstein, Ruby Goldstein, Johnny Green, Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, Willie Harmon, Jack Hausner, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Benny Gould, Archie Walker, Danny Kramer, Young Montreal, Yale Okun, Maxie Rosenbloom, Solly Seeman, Archie Bell, Marty Silvers, Joey Silvers, Sonny Smith, Danny Terris, Jackie Snyder, Lew Tendler, Benny Valger, Sammy Vogel, Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Harry Wallach. Here's hoping we haven't overlooked any others.

George Mealey, Portland, Me.

Q.—Was Mysterious Billy Smith ever welter champion? Where was he born?

A.—Yes, from 1898 to 1900. Eastport, Me.

Roy Montague, N. S., Canada.

Q.—I am fifteen years old, weight 105 pounds. Am a too young to start boxing?

A.—No. Terry McGovern, Ad Wolgast, Joe Gans and a flock of other great fighters of another era began their careers at your age.

Maurice Evrard, New York City.

Q.—(1) How old is Jimmy Delaney? What is his nationality? (2) Who is now in possession of the feather and bantam titles? (3) How would you rate Pete August, Battling Barry and Bobby Barrett?

A.—(1) Twenty-five. Irish-American. (2) Both championships vacant. (3) Don't know Mr. Battling Barry. August and Barrett are third raters.

A Fan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the three fighters reputed to have given Tod Morgan his hardest fights since he turned professional?

A.—Babe Herman, Joe Glick, Charley O'Connell.

Pinkie Valdez, Savannah, Ga.

Q.—(1) How can the stomach be strengthened so that it can withstand a heavy bombardment of punches? (2) Why is it that new gloves are used in every big fight? What do they do with them after the fight? (3) How can the legs be developed?

A.—(1) Bending exercises. But no stomach, no matter how strong will stand battering. You should block or sidestep. (2) Used gloves unfit. Winner presents his to friends. (3) Running.

A. Messineo, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—If the following were in their prime, who would win—Jack Delaney vs. Kid McCoy, Berlenbach vs. Levinsky, Benny Leonard vs. Abe Attell, Johnny Dundee vs. Johnny Kilbane?

A.—McCoy, Levinsky, Attell, Dundee.

A Ring Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How old is Jack Delaney?

A.—Twenty-six.

A. J. Thoma, Mansfield, Ohio.

Q.—(1) Has a referee's decision ever been overruled? Can it be overruled by a Boxing Commission or anyone else? (2) Can Tiger Flowers whip Mickey Walker?

A.—(1) No. The referee is supreme in the ring. His decision is final. (2) Yes.

John Dailey, Phila., Pa.

Q.—(1) What are the London Prize Ring rules? (2) What are the Queensberry rules? (3) How is it that Joe Choynski never was heavyweight champion?

A.—(1) Bare knuckles, on turf, to finish. Either man down ends round. (2) Three minute rounds, minute rest, gloves. Man down must arise inside ten seconds. (3) Never got a match with titleholder.

M. H. Underwood, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Q.—(1) Who were the three greatest fighters in each class? (2) Could Johnson have beaten Jeffries when Jeff was in his prime? (3) I am seventeen years old, weigh 137 pounds, five feet nine inches tall, having a willing but weak heart. Do you think I will ever make a fighter?

A.—(1) 112 pounds—Wilde, Villa, Genaro; 118, Dixon, McGovern, Williams; 126, Driscoll, Attell, Dundee; 135, Gans, Lavigne, Leonard; 147, Ryan, Walcott, Britton; 160, Fitzsimmons, Ketchel, McCoy; 175, Langford, McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; heavyweight, Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson. (2) Yes. (3) If heart is weak do not fight.

Joseph Gieangiobbi, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who was the Nonpareil? (2) Who would win a return Dempsey-Firpo match?

A.—(1) Ring name Jack Dempsey. Was middleweight champion of America. (2) Dempsey if in good condition.

M. B., Saint Pierre, Canada.

Q.—(1) Is a glove blow harder than a bare knuckle blow? (2) What is the position of the hand striking a hook to the jaw? (3) Is there a book on boxing by Mike Donovan? Where can I get it? (4) What is Carpentier's favorite punch?

A.—(1) No. Bare knuckles cut and bruise. Blow with glove stuns. (2) Turned so knuckle part of glove reaches mark. (3) Write to Arthur Donovan, No. 949 Broadway, New York City. (4) Right hook or uppercut.

Winckler, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who was the first heavyweight champion of the world? Nationality? (2) Who was the gamest fighter of all time?

A.—(1) Jem Mace. English. (2) Gluttons for punishment numerous. No choice.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—Who is the leading man in each division in Ireland, also one of their leading promoters?

A.—No records.

Vaughn McQueen, Prichard, Ala.

Q.—(1) When did the following win their titles and how—George Dixon, Nonpareil Dempsey? (2) Where did Mysterious Billy Smith and Jimmy Clabby do most of their fighting? (3) Where were Dixie Kid, Jimmy Clabby and Kid Graves born?

A.—(1) Dixon won world's bantam title, June 27, 1890, by stopping Nunc Wallace, English champ, in London, eighteen rounds. The late Mike Donovan won title from George Rooke in 1874. Donovan retained honors till 1882 when he retired. Dempsey laid claim title, and in 1884 stopped George Fulljames in twenty-two rounds, in a bout for the American championship. (2) Smith in America. Clabby in Australia. (3) Fulton, Mo.; Norwich, Conn., Plattsmouth, Neb.

John Welsh, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) How was Johnny (Kid) Gilsey rated as a fighter? (2) Did he ever fight Stanley Ketchel and Matty Matthews? (3) Where was he born and when did he retire from the ring?

A.—(1) No rating. (2) Was stopped by Ketchel in four rounds. (3) No record.

Louis Zippeman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who won the Terry McGovern-Joe Gans bout? (2) Beside hitting power and cleverness, what makes a boxer famous?

A.—(1) The match was a fake, Gans taking a dive. It killed boxing in Chicago. (2) Speed, ring generalship, head work.

H. N. McAsban, Glendale, Cal.

Q.—Why was it that Goddard never met Slavin or Fitz or Jim Hall in Australia? And how he could have been the Australian champion at the time Sullivan was in Australia and his sparring partner was defeated by Goddard John L. refusing to meet Goddard? It seems to me Goddard has never been properly given credit for what he was at his best?

A.—Goddard did meet Hall in a four round bout in 1899. Hall got the decision. Slavin in England and America when Goddard at best. Fitz also out of Australia at time. John L. sent Jack Ashton in to try out Goddard and on Ashton's report John L. decided not to meet Goddard in ring. Goddard was champion of Australia when Sullivan was there and John L. could he have beaten Goddard would have made himself the champion of the world. Goddard was a terrific puncher. Stopped Choynski twice in four rounds each. Stopped Maher in one and three rounds. Went eight rounds to draw with Peter Jackson. On the other hand was beaten by Kid McCoy, Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin, and was stopped by Denver Ed Smith in eighteen sessions.

P. J. K., Tampa, Fla.

Q.—(1) Who was the greatest lightweight of all time? (2) Was George (Kid) Lavigne a light or welter when he won from Walcott? (3) Could Joe Choynski have beaten Jack Delaney?

A.—(1) Joe Gans. (2) Lightweight. (3) Yes.

Joe Dellecave, New York City.

Q.—Could Joe Dundee beat Eddie Roberts in a return match? Is Dundee still the logical contender for the welter title?

A.—Dundee turned tables on Roberts. He is the leading challenger.

Stanley Flemish, New York City.

Q.—How can I get a back number of The Ring and how much will it cost? How can I get pictures of fighters and how much will they cost?

A.—Write to Nat Fleischer, publisher and editor, No. 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City. He will be glad to furnish you with the back number and also pictures you would like to purchase. He's easy to do business with.

Jack Mayden, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—Did Battling Levinsky ever fight under the name of Barney Williams? How successful was he?

A.—Yes. Was almost unbeatable. Made a young fortune. He is still fighting.

A Reader, Stamford, Conn.

How was Irish Patsy Cline rated? Why did he quit the ring?

A.—Cline showed all the earmarks of becoming a champion. He was his own worst enemy, meaning that success went to his head and in due time became a physical wreck. Patsy gave Benny Leonard one of his few hardest fights. It was a crime to see the youngster go to ruin.

Young Bridges, Prichard, Ala.

Q.—Where were Jimmy Wilde, Peter Herman, Johnny Buff and Kid Kaplan born?

A.—Pontypridd, Wales, New Orleans, Perth Amboy, N. J., Meriden, Conn.

Julius Vogel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are Tony Canzoneri's most notable victories? Do you think he will ever be a champion?

A.—Bobby Wolgast, Tommy Milton, Benny Hall, Sammy Nable, Archie Bell, Young Montreal, Georgie Mack, Andre Routis, Bushey Graham. He is no longer a bantam. Has a splendid chance to grab the featherweight championship.

A Subscriber, Peoria, Ill.

Q.—Can Ace Hudkins and Billy Petrolle still make 135 pounds? Could they beat Mandell?

A.—Hudkins is too heavy for the lightweight division. He is now a welterweight. Petrolle can easily make the weight and he has a good chance to beat Mandell.

P. Herman, Portland, Me.

Q.—I am twenty-one years old and weigh 147 pounds. I am five feet eleven inches tall. I never boxed in my life. Do you think it is too late to start now?

A.—No.

Samuel Rappaport, Monticello, N. Y.

Q.—When Jeffries made his comeback against Johnson, did he enter as champion or contender?

A.—Champion.

Bud Coulter, Toledo, Ohio.

Q.—Did Wills and Firpo ever meet? Result?

A.—Yes. Wills received the popular award of the newspaper men at the ringside. They fought twelve no-decision rounds in Jersey City, N. J.

W. O. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Where must I go to get a license to be a second? (2) After I get a license, will I be able to get work?

A.—(1) Boxing Commission, Flatiron Building, N. Y. City. (2) Search us.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who is the harder hitter, Paul Berlenbach or Jack Delaney? (2) Who would win the following bouts—Ace Hudkins vs. Pete Latzo, Joe Dundee vs. Tommy Freeman, Yale Okun vs. Mike McTigue?

A.—(1) Delaney. (2) Latzo, Dundee, McTigue.

Henry Kullas, Webster, Mass.

Q.—How many times was Johnny Dundee knocked out?

A.—Only once.

Joseph Guia, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Where can I learn to box in Detroit?

A.—Look up Archie Sillman, Phil McGraw's manager. He has a gymnasium in your city.

A. G. S., New York City.

Q.—(1) Where can I locate Paddy Mullins? (2) What fighters does he manage? (3) Is he a promoter beside being a manager? How old is he?

A.—(1) Address him in care of the Pioneer Club on East Twenty-fourth Street. (2) Happy Atherton, Pete Latzo, George Courtney, Harry Wills, Phil McGraw and one or two others. (3) No. He admits sixty years.

D. Schaefer, New York City.

Q.—Who won the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth rounds of the last fight between Berlenbach and Delaney?

A.—Delaney.

Charles (K. O.) Rubens, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—What was Kid Carter's real name, where was he born and what was his nationality?

A.—Charles Bloiswick, Brooklyn, Polish.

A Ring Fan, Mobile, Ala.

Q.—What was the date of the Williams-Herman fight in which Herman won the bantam title? Date of the Lynch-Herman fight in which Herman regained his crown?

A.—1917. July 25, 1921.

J. McDougal, Fresno, Cal.

Q.—Who is the greater fighter, Stanislaus Loayza or Luis Vicentini?

A.—Loayza.

A Subscriber, New York City.

Q.—(1) Is Boston Jack Sharkey Polish or Russian? (2) Is it true that Maloney possesses an unusually fine physique and is very powerful?

A.—(1) Lithuanian. (2) He is not a picture of physical manhood but he carries his weight magnificently in action and is a vicious puncher. He gives the fans the impression that he is hog fat which is not the case.

A Reader, Truckee, Cal.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Jack Delaney, Berlenbach, Jack Sharkey and Jim Maloney?

A.—French-Canadian, German, Lithuanian, Irish.

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Spider Kelly, World Famous Second

HYPE IGOE, the New York Morning World's boxing expert, following the bout between Pat Lester, Spider Kelley's giant heavyweight, and Arthur De Kuh, in Madison Square Garden recently, gave some interesting sidelights on the Spider's career. As is well known, Spider Kelly was one of the world's greatest handlers of fighters and in his day, he was quite an expert mitt wielder.

Commenting on Lester's unfortunate defeat when the referee stopped the bout in the second round because Pat's left eye was closed, Igoe remarked:

"Pat was unlucky enough to have one of his eyes closed, one of those occasional bad eyes that swell up and close instantly. He was winning and would have won but for that eye. The timid De Kuh was on the run when he happened to pop Pat right on the window pane.

"Too bad Spider Kelly wasn't in Pat's corner. Do you realize what HE would have done with that eye? Out with his jack-knife and lanced it before you could have said Jack Robinson. Best second of all time, because he used his nimble wits every second of a fight.

"He could fight, too. He met Joe Gans one time, when both were young and full of the fire of youth. The Spider was in the hands of the future Old Master. He was getting a jolly hiding, but taking it most gracefully. They were going the twenty-round route. In the thirteenth round Gans floored the Spider, and when Kelly got up he clinched as nonchalantly as you please. He wanted Gans to think that it had been more or less of a fluke, that knockdown. Gans didn't realize how badly off the Spider really was, and Kelly wasn't for crying it out loud.

THE Spider was the dominating figure in any battle in which he had anything to do. As a fighter and handler of fighters he was master of the situation at all times. He pulled many a fighter out of the depths when the tide of battle was sweeping him out to sea.

"Kelly took the utmost care of his man. He carried him back to his corner at the bell, lifted him to his feet when the round started and in every way conserved his charge's stamina. There wasn't a trick that he didn't know about the game and many of them he invented.

"He was the man who taught Al Neil the great trick of retiring to the far side of the ring IN BACK OF THE MAN FLOORED. Kelly taught Neil and all the other great fighters under his care to get BEHIND a dazed man. Kelly pointed out that a groggy man getting up was on a merry-go-round as it was and if you stayed far behind him and KEPT behind him a dazed man would spin some more trying to find you.

"Kelly taught his principals to take their time in coming back at a dazed man, to take the overland and FROM BEHIND. One up to the man, Kelly's charge was taught to step suddenly in front of the other fellow and let fly."

"Gans wriggled and roughed Kelly in an effort to break the clinch.

"Kelly still clung and when Gans was about to shake him off Kelly hissed in his ear: 'Just a minute, black boy, just a minute.

" 'I want to tell you something before you tear away and run some more.

" 'My friends are betting that YOU STAY THE LIMIT WITH ME. I can't see them lose their dough but if it wasn't for that I'd knock you clean to Baltimore. You're a lucky guy.'

"Kelley's words had the desired effect on Joe. He seemed to believe the daring Spider and didn't take any further chances. Spider went the distance, a feat that even HIS FRIENDS had bet HE WOULDN'T ACCOMPLISH.

Berlenbach's Rise to Fame— (*Continued from page* 19)

In his youth, Paul was stricken with scarlet fever and when cured, his parents found that the ailment had left their boy both deaf and dumb. Paul liked to engage in all kinds of rough sports with his chums and one day, while at play, he touched an electric wire, received a shock that almost killed him, and when he came to, he found that he had regained his speech. A little later, his hearing returned.

It was then that the lure of the gymnasium came to Paul. He joined the 86th Street Y.M.C.A., and watched the boys wrestle. He followed this with membership in the old Norwegian Athletic Club and there he took up the sport and engaged in several matches.

His interest was so keen that he frequently spent hours in George Bothner's Gymnasium where the professional wrestlers trained and there he picked up considerable knowledge. Paul then joined the New York A. C. where he received an athletic membership and that got him into the Olympic games. This came through his winning of the National A.A.U. light heavyweight title. In the Olympics he cleaned up winning his first match one night and beating three opponents the following night.

Coming back to America, Paul, who was badly in need of finances, although now he is worth close to $300,000, tried to turn pro. He obtained a manager who got a match for him at Albany and he informed Paul that he would receive $25 to take a flop. This so shocked the Olympic champion, that he decided he was through with wrestling for good.

It was then that he went back to the New York A. C. gym where he decided to take a litle exercise and through curiosity more than anything else, put on the gloves with Hickey thereby paving the start for a career that has earned him a world's championship and a snug fortune.

Paul was one of the crudest fellows in the ring in the early part of his career but after his first fight with Jack Delaney in the old Garden in which he was knocked out in four rounds, Berlenbach made rapid progress in his new profession. He was a naturally slow thinker and a methodical worker and this made his style uninteresting, but every time Berlenbach fought, the fans were certain to get their full value so far as he was concerned.

Fight was his middle name. He feared no one, and unlike all the other so-called champions, he gave every bona-fide challenger an opportunity to wrest the title from him.

The boxing game needs more Paul Berlenbachs as its champions.

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Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE fistic game is going stronger in all parts of Europe this season than ever before. There has been an extraordinary boom throughout Great Britain. The sport enthusiasts of Scotland, the land o' cakes and heather, are beginning to love the fighting game as well as they do in Ireland, and in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, boxing contests are held frequently. Some exceedingly fine talent has been, and is still being developed in Scotland, and much good fighting material can be expected to come out in the future from there.

The French fighters are beginning to show up to good advantage, "Spider" Pladner, the champion flyweight, is one of the cleverest fighters developed in France since the early days of Georges Carpentier. He has more of the American style of fighting than any other European battlers I have seen. He is called over in Europe a second Jimmy Wilde. Another exceedingly fine fighter is the French Arab, Alf. Ross, a welterweight. He is practically a new comer in the game but he is there with the wallop. He will probably visit the States with Promoter Dickson next summer.

Charlie Raymond, a featherweight, who was in the States with the late Battling Siki, is another good ring artist. He and the crack English featherweight, Harry Corbett, had a ten-round fight recently in Paris. The judges called it a draw, but to many it appeared as if Raymond had a bit the better of the going.

The two German champions, Grimm and Ernest, came to grief early in their recent fights against French fighters. Alf Ross fought Grimm and finished him in a trifle over three rounds, and Paul Fritsch, lightweight, who finished Ernest inside of three rounds. Boxing is practically a new sport to the Germans and too much should not be expected from them for a year or two. The German young men are taking to the sport quite enthusiastically and good results are sure to come to the surface in the near future.

The best of the professional fighters of Europe during recent years have come out of the amateur ranks. This year, however, efforts are being made to hold the best of the simon-pures in check until after the Olympic Games of next year.

Victor Breyer, editor of the Echo Des Sports, 13 Fraubourg Montmarte, Paris, has just published a splendid boxing record book containing the records of all of Europe's leading boxers, as well as those of other countries. The book may be obtained by sending 40 cents to the editor.

FRENCH NOTES

THE Arabian-French welterweight boxer, Alf Ross, has a string of victories under his belt for the short career that he has had in the professional boxing game. One of his latest victories was his quick victory over the German champion, Ernest Grimm. It was in the first half-minute of the fourth round that the "Arab" put over the knock-out blow which laid the German champion low for the full count. It was no chance victory, the Frenchman had the upper hand from the start of the fight.

Paul Fritsch, clever French lightweight, knocked out the German lightweight champion, Ensel, at the same entertainment in three rounds. Both the German champions were completely outclassed by the French boys. The bouts drew a capacity house for Promoter Dickson, who, by the way, has been staging some excellent entertainments. Of course, occasionally a show breaks badly with the most careful matchmaking, and so it does with Dickson, but this is on very rare occasions.

"Spider" Pladner, who is one of the best boxers developed in France in many years, is fighting in rare form since entering the professional ring a few months ago. His most important fight since leaving the amateur ranks in which he held the championship, was at the Sporting Club de France, a very exclusive organization, against Morrichini, the former French champion. The fight went the full fifteen rounds and Pladner won a clear point victory over the former champion.

Al Ross, who will probably visit the States during July with Promoter Jeff Dickson, recently beat Joe Rolfe, of England.

Promoter Dickson keeps turning the customers away at his Cirque de Paris and Salle Wagram entertainments. At the recent German-French bouts, which were held at the former, it is estimated that fully two thousand customers were turned away. The house carried the biggest indoor fight in the history of French boxing The only occasion that there was a bigger gate in France for boxing entertainment was when Georges Carpentier and Battling Siki fought at the Buffalo Stadium, September 24, 1922.

Promoter Dickson, will give away 100,000 francs for an elimination heavyweight tournament, which will be run off on three nights in April, open to the world. Here should be a fine opportunity for Joe Beckett, Phil Scott and Fred Fulton, to try and regain some of their lost reputations. And some of old boy Tex Rickard's cast-offs might profit some by coming over for the tournament.

French amateur boxers defeated a Belgium team in a series of seven bouts held at the Velodrome d'Hiver recently by a score of five wins to two. And a team of French wreslters put it over on an English squad to the tune of six to one. France will be represented at the Olympic Games of next year with strong boxing and wrestling combinations.

ENGLISH NOTES

KID SOCKS, the English flyweight, and Pladner, the champion of France, fought a fifteen-round draw at the Ring in London. The contest was a fast one from the first to the last bell, and also a close one.'

Johnny Cuthbert, featherweight champion of Great Britain, is a very clever chap. He recently won a decision over Sybillie, of Belgium, at a bout held in Sheffield.

Young Clancy, an Englsh featherweight, is coming along in a very satisfactory manner. A short time ago he fought a draw with Johnny Curley and he went well against the clever French fighter, Charlie Raymond. Clancey lost to Raymond on a point decision. He is managed by Johnny Sharp, who follows very closely the American style of training

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Ted "Kid" Lewis, the former world's welterweight champion, is now a boxing instructor at Budapest, and he is making good. Lewis will have charge of the boxing team which wll represent Hungary in the Amsterdam Olympic Games next year.

Boxing is going big at Albert Hall in London. At a recent entertainment there Frank Moody defeated Roland Todd on points in a fifteen round affair. Teddy Baldock knocked out Young Johnny Brown in three rounds, and little Johnny Hill, of Fife, Scotland, defeated the English boy, Phil Lolosky, in the last fifteen-round bout, the seconds of Lolosky, throwing in a towel.

During the entertainment the Prince of Wales entered the hall and he received a rousing reception. Teddy Baldock was presented to the Prince, Jimmy Wilde was another boxer that had the pleasure of shaking the hand of the most popular Prince. The Prince congratulated Baldock and told him that American experience has done him a lot of good.

The British welterweight champion, Jack Hood of Birmingham, in a recent bout against Maurice Prunier, at the Ring, Blackfriars, won a point decision at the end of a twelve-round contest Hood, had practically the best of the contest from start to finish, but he did not have a strong enough kick behind his blows to stop the French boxer.

Birmingham was always a great fighting place, and the fights that are being given there this season are drawing fully as well as at any year previously. There is quite a clever bantamweight in Birmingham at the present time. He is Len Fowler, a boy that has made a good record during the past two years. His latest victory was over Jack Kirby, of Aston, a boy that he defeated a year ago. Fowler, repeated last year's victory in the recent fight by scoring a decisive victory.

GERMAN NOTES

FRANCIS CHARLES, of France, and Hans Breitenstratter, of Germany, had a return match in Berlin, a short time ago and the two went ten rounds to a draw. Last year in Paris, Charles knocked out the German in a couple of rounds at the Velodrome d'Hiver.

Piet Hobin, of Belgium, a welterweight and Herse of Germany, at the same entertainment also went ten rounds to a draw, as did Gleize, former champion flyweight of France, and Stein of Germany It was a curious coincidence for all three matches to be draws.

The German boxing enthusiasts were very much disappointed in the showing their two champions, Grimm and Ernst, made against the French fighters, Alf Ross and Paul Fritsch, in the Paris bouts. Ernst was looked upon as a sure winner over Frisch as a year previous he received a well deserved point victory over the French lightweight, but they did not figure on Fritsch making an improement in his battling work.

Franz Diener and the English champion, Phil Scott, will probably be matched up for a bout in the near future, to be fought in England.

SCOTTISH NOTES

BOXING has taken on a great boom in the land o' cakes. Edinburgh, Scotland is the main fighting city, and the frequent entertainments which are run off in the beautiful town, are always well attended. Glasgow is also a good fight town and some fine bouts are fought there.

Louis Jerome, of France, recently met Andy Findlay, of Scotland, at a bout held in the St Mary Street Hall, Edinburgh. The bout was a hard-fought one, and after fifteen rounds, the Scotchman received a point decision.

There is a very good little fellow from Glasgow by the name of M'Sorley. He beat the pride of Edinburgh, K. Miller, at a show in the latter city after ten rounds of hard fighting.

The Glasgow promoters do not like it to be said that the Edinburgh promoters stage the best quality of fights. Still the biggest money is in the latter city, and as a general thing, the fighters follow the big purses. There are probably more fights fought in Glasgow than in Edinburgh, but the quality stuff as a rule goes to Edinburgh.

Tommy Milligan, middleweight champion, has gone under a nose operation which will keep him out of the ring for several weeks

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Elky Clark, was obliged to have an operation on his right eye, which was damaged during the first round of his fight against La Barba. Elky will be kept out of the ring for at least two months.

New York Boxing Notes

By LEFT JAB

THE heavies are going to get all the play the coming summer. Promoter Tex Rickard has lined up a flock of great attractions for his new Garden and the Yankee Stadium. The ultimate victor will trade punches with Gene Tunney in the middle of September. Go and bet your bottom dollar on that.

Rickard scored a ten strike the other day when he matched Jim Maloney and Jack Sharkey to have it out on May 19 at Ruppert's ball yard. This bout will undoubtedly draw a tremendous gate. It would go better in Boston, however, where both men are idols.

Sharkey fought a marvellous scrap against Mike McTigue taking into consideration the fact that Bowld Michael was waging the best battle of his career. Mike was in there to do or die. Maloney broke many pocketbooks and hearts when he trounced Jack Delaney.

The bike race in the Garden enabled the small clubs to grab a piece of change. The Rickard emporium has practically ruined the pee wee organizations.

Charlie Rose has nailed a good heavy prospect in Al Friedman, of Rosindale, Mass. He has triumphed in fourteen professional starts. The Boston papers, where Al has done most of his milling, are loud in praise of his work. He is said to be a good puncher, fast and clever and capable of taking a good punch without going on the retreat.

Sammy Vogel, heavy lightweight of Harlem, is back in his winning stride. Vogel slipped a bit for a time and Pete Reilly, his manager, had him physically examined in a most thorough manner by Dr. W. G. Fralick. The medico discovered that a pair of badly diseased tonsils were so affecting Vogel that he immediately had them removed. Reilly has many offers, two of them from California.

Pat McCarthy, Boston light heavy, has been acquitting himself quite well while mixing with the heavies. Johnny Risko, Harry Persson, of Sweden, and Sully Montgomery, all went down to defeat before the clever Patrick.

Arthur De Kuh staged a great comeback recently by stopping Pat Lester. The young Italian heavy received a severe setback at the hands of Shamus Maloney but didn't take it to heart. De Kuh was dropped by Lester but came back strongly and closed Pat's left eye.

Benny Leonard states he is coming back. We won't believe it until we see him climb through the ropes. Mannie Seamon has been ordered to buy a new gym outfit for him.

Lou Brix has taken over the Walker A. C. His predecessors couldn't make the place pay.

Jimmy Johnston, it is reported, will make matches for the Coney Island Stadium next summer.

George Engle, manager of the late lamented Harry Greb, has more than a rooting interest in Al Foreman, Washington, D. C., featherweight.

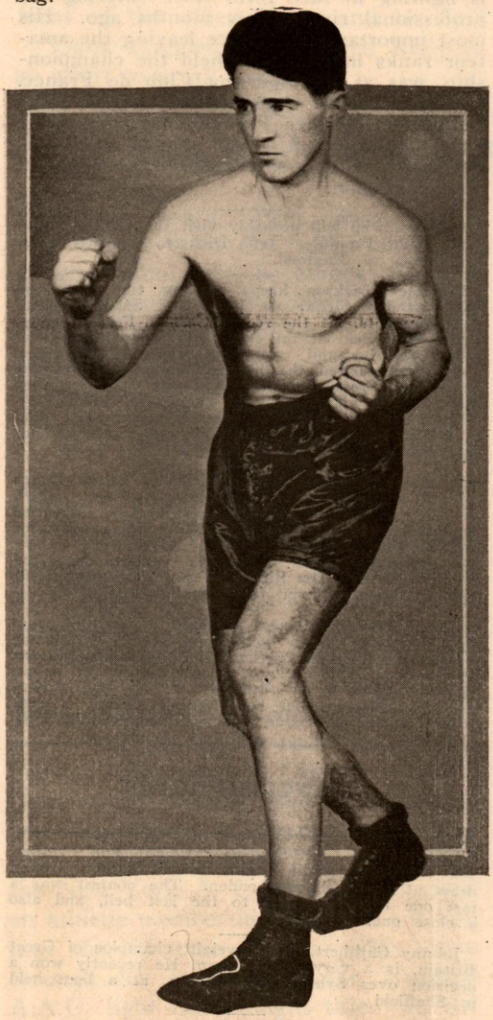
At the recent anual election of officers of the New York Boxing Writer's Association, Wilbur Wood of The Sun was re-elected president. Len Wooster was elected first vice-president and Harry Cross second vice-president. Eddie Forbes was named secretary; Sam Taub, recording secretary, and Marty Berg, treasurer.

The following constitute the board of directors: Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING; Sid Mercer, Harry Newman, Damon Runyon, James J. Wood, Hype Igoe and James P. Dawson.

Joe Malone turned in a capital performance recently by knocking out the veteran Bud Dempsey.

Jack Bernstein, Yonkers tornado, is going great guns again. He hammered out a victory over Les Murray and now he's all set for a titular shot at Tod Morgan.

Eddie Roberts, the Tacoma lad, who came into great prominence by knocking out Joe Dundee, used Failor Friedman for a punching bag.



Laddie Lee (Lawrence O'Connor) New England star middleweight

Valger Going Abroad

Benny Valger, frequently referred to as the most skillful boxer in the ring, is going to cross the ocean and show his wares in dear old London. Harry Jacobs, the leading promoter of England, after a careful study of the lightweights of this country, concluded the clever Valger will be a pronounced hit in England. They like the clever chaps with the fast and accurate left hands across the big drink. Valger has just what they want and plenty of it.

When Phil Glassman bought the Arena, Philadelphia's leading swat emporium, he put over a fast one on Jules Aronson and Max (Double Boo) Hoff. Aronson and Hoff have had complete control of boxing in Phiadelphia for the last few years to the exclusion of Glassman and his high-grade fighters. Glassman could not start a boxer in the Arena account of some unpleasantness existing between Hoff and Glassman. Now the fighters controlled by the man who made a fortune for Lew Tendler, will come into their own. Philadelphia fans have been starving to see Benny Bass in action. They will now have the opportunity to see him against the best of his weight in the world.

With the passing of Tiger Flowers from his exalted position of world's champion, the colored boxer will not have it so rosy as they did when Harry Wills and the Deacon were in the limelight. New York now has three colored stars—Al Brown, bantamweight; Bruce Flowers, lightweight, and Jack McVey, welterweight. All three are great boxers, comparing favorably with the best in the world of their weights. All three are well behaved inside and outside the ropes. All three stand ready to meet any men the promoters select for them. Flowers has been getting some work but for small money. McVey and Brown find it difficult to get matches. All three men deserve better treatment from the promoters.

Cohen Makes Headway

Jackie Cohen, Brooklyn, bantamweight, is the most promising youngster developed in the past few years. Only recently graduated from the six-rounders, as he became of age last fall, Cohen has piled up a straight string of victories over a fair grade of opponents. The big spot in the Cohen career was his drawn battle with Teddy Baldock, sterling English battler, who startled the fight fans of this country with his hitting ability, skill, speed and endurance. When Cohen was matched with Baldock many thought it was sacrificing young Cohen. but he gave Baldock the surprise of his life. Baldock was badly cut up and floored by the scrappy Cohen.

Cohen is to go abroad with Harry Jacobs, of London, when the latter returns to his homeland. Cohen will meet England's best on his arrival there. His first bout will be on June 21, his second, July 9. Billy McCarney made the matches for Cohen.

Laddie Kusy, Newark, N. J., promoter has been more successful during the year now closing than any other promoter functioning in New Jersey with Hurley Law in New Jersey. His steady tax returns to the State from his weekly shows, he runs every Monday in the year, have been larger than any other promoter functioning in New Jersey with the exception of Tex Rickard. Kusy is a very wealthy man, who promotes boxing as a hobby, but on a business basis. He is a careful figurer and with the assistance of Joe Jacobs stages many high-class shows at such conservative figures.

Across the Hudson

Word has been passed around that several new training camps will be launched this coming Summer. The success that has attended the several well-known training camps in New Jersey, have awakened the local gymnasium proprietors to the

BOXING CHAMPIONS OF ALL NATIONS
(List Revised up to March 1, 1927)

TITLES	FLY-WEIGHT	BANTAM	FEATHER	LIGHT	WELTER	MIDDLE	LIGHT-HEAVY	HEAVY
Champions of World	Fidel La Barba	Vacant	Vacant	Sammy Mandell	Pete Latzo	Mickey Walker	Jack Delaney	Gene Tunney
Champions of Europe	Elky Clark (English)	Henry Scillie (Belgium)	Ruiz (Spain)	L. Vinez (France)	Bosisio (Italian)	Devo S. (Belgian)	F. Delarge (Belgium)	Paulino (Spain)
France	Pladner	Kid Francis	André Routis	L. Vinez	Romerio	Gandon	Fran. Charles	G. Carpentier
Germany	Harry Steins	F. Friedeman	Noack	Ensel	Ernest Grimm	Domgorgen	M. Schmeling	Diener
America	Fidel La Barba	Vacant	Vacant	Sammy Mandell	Pete Latzo	M. Walker	Jack Delaney	Gene Tunney
England	Elky Clark	Johnny Brown	Johnny Cuthbert	Harry Mason	Jack Hood	T. Milligen	Jack Blomfield	Phil Scott
Australia	Vacant	Semmens	Daxter	Dwyger	Harry Collins	Stewart	Albert Lloyd	Miller
Argentine	Juan Rossi	Juan Rossi	Ovidio Galle	G. Herrero	Victor Druda	L. Galtiéri	L. Galtieri	L. A. Firpo
Belgium	M. Montrouil	Scillie	Hébrans	Joë Claès	Leo Darton	René Devos	F. Delarge	Pierre Charles
Denmark	F. Jensen	H. Petersen	Knud Larsen	Albert Holdt	F. Hansen	Chic Nelson	Chic Nelson	S. Petersen
Egypt	Mac Gechan	Geo. Ariz	Hussein Sadek	G. Zammar	H. Assadourian	Mourad Mina	Mourad Mina	Mourad Mina
Spain	Victor Ferrand	Th. Murall	Antonio Ruiz	H. Martinez	Jim Moran	Ricardo Alis	Juem Molero	Paulino
Holland	Piet Versteeg	Van Dijk	Van Dijk	Van Vliet	Steenhorst	Piet Brandt	Van t'Hof	P. van den Veer
Italy	Magliozzi	Bernasconi	Marfurt II	Farabullini	Bosisio	Bosisio	Bonaglia	Erminio Spalla
Portugal	Vacant	Vacant	Albano Campos	Vacant	Rosa Britos	Vacant	Vacant	Santa Manera
Sweden	Vacant	Vacant	Andren	Vacant	Vacant	Tancred Martin	Vacant	Harry Persson
Switzerland	Vacant	Vacant	Vacant	Simeth	Vacant	Weber	Clément	Vacant

advisability of opening Summer camp in New York State. Madame Bey has made a paying proposition of her camp at Summit, N. J., after a few years of rough sledding. She is now firmly established and has all the business she can handle.

Petrolle's Finger Injured

Billy Petrolle, the "Fargo Express," hurried back here to put himself under the care of Dr. W. G. Fralick. Petrolle knocked out the knuckle of the first finger of his left hand in his bout with Les Murray, the Australian, at Milwaukee, December 20. Petrolle knocked Murray out in the third round. He had a busy schedule ahead of him and filled all dates, knocking out six out of seven opponents from December 20 to February 25. The hand is in bad shape and according to Dr. Fralick Petrolle will be on the side lines for a month or more.

Jack McVey, of Harlem, negro welterweight champion of the world, is having quite some trouble getting the lads of his weight to mingle with him in the roped enclosure. New York matchmakers have been making frantic efforts to get Joe Dundee, Willie Harmon, Eddie Roberts, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Georgie Ward and Tommy Freeman to meet McVey, but without result. Maurice Cain, who directs the affairs of McVey, has finally thrown down the gauntlet to all ringmen scaling from 147 to 175 pounds. This should get the willing McVey some action.

Solly Seeman, clever, hard-hitting lightweight, is fighting in rare form. He scored easily over Al Bryant and Freddy Mueller, of Buffalo, beating the former in Newark and the latter in Rochester. Seeman made such impressive showings in both bouts thatthe promoters in each city want him right back. Seeman is being pointed towards a match with Billy Petrolle. They were matched to meet in Milwaukee, February 21, but an injury to Seeman's hands in the Mueller bout forced him to cancel the Milwaukee date.

A Boston Feud

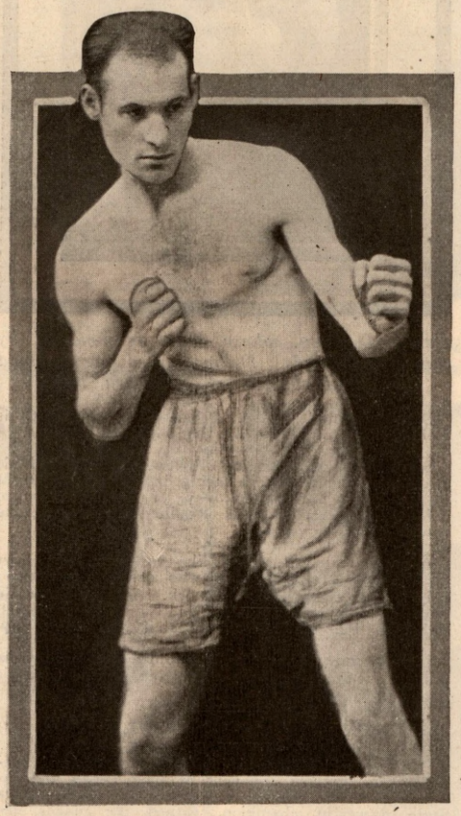
Jack Sharkey, of Boston, who is rated in Boston as an easy winner over Jim Maloney, of the same city, when the pair meet in the final bout of Tey Rickard's heavyweight elimination bout, may not have such an easy time, as the Boston critics predict. Maloney has shown vast improvement in each of his New York battles. Then the cock-suredness of Sharkey may bring about his complete undoing.

There is no denying the fact that a serious feud exists between Maloney and Sharkey. Strange as it may seem, Sharkey is the one anxious to keep it alive. His bitter feeling towards Maloney, which he cannot curb, may cause him to vary his style of battle, which would greatly enhance the chances of the Irishman—Maloney. Tunney has little to fear from either Sharkey or Maloney.

The value of the breaks of the game were never more clearly demonstrated than to glance over the mail and wire offers received for the services of Eddie Roberts, the sweet hitter from Tacoma. Joe Dundee, rated the foremost welterweight in the country, journeyed to Los Angeles to meet "Oakland Jimmy" Duffy, and was to be paid $12,500 for his services. The Auditorium, leading fight club of Los Angeles was to stage the bout, but went bankrupt on the eve of the show. Dundee thereupon decided to return home, but the men behind Roberts, Abe Matin and Jack Conners, prevailed on Dundee to stay and meet Roberts, practically unknown, for a greatly reduced figure. The sudden ending of the bout is now pugilistic history, Roberts rocking Dundee to sleep and putting himself right in the limelight and among the big money men of the ring. Ol' Dame Opportunity was indeed kind to Eddie Roberts.

Clever Jersey Boxers

There are many clever boxers in New Jersey, who do not get much ring work outside the Skeeter State. Phil Krug, middleweight; Harold Farese, bantamweight; Charley Weinert, heavyweight; Georgie Ward, welterweight; "Spark Plug" Russell, bantamweight; "Irish Danny" Fagan, welterweight, are all men capable of taking care of themselves in good company. Weinert and Farese have been glove weilding for many years, but were so extremely clever they never suffered much abuse in the ring. It would take a top-notcher in either of their classes to win over them. Krug and Ward have met the



Jack Larkin, Philadelphia's promising lightweight

leading men of the respective divisions, and have unusually good ring records. Russell and Fagan are not so long at the game of biff and are coming along nicely. All six men are great favorites in New Jersey cities.

Russie LeRoy and Earl (Little Boy) Blue, both of Fargo, are now back in the East. They have both been active in the mid-west country for three months, but have returned to the East to be on hand for the good picking during the summer months. LeRoy is a welterweight, Blue, a light heavyweight. Both are satisfactory ring workers.

Artie McCann, of Philadelphia, is the Quaker City's new lightweight star. McCann was forced to leave his home city to earn his ring fame. In the South he rated a championship contender and lightweigh' champion of all that territory below the Mason and Dixon line. Since returning to Philly with his fame and small fortune, he has turned in many winning battles. He is under the management of Ray McCarney, son of Billy McCarney.

IN IOWA RINGS

By BOB WAGNER

Emil Morrow, Cuban welterweight, of Sioux City, won a ten-round decision over Louie Mays, local welter, at Des Moines.

Kenneth Hunt, Des Moines', fast developing heavyweight, won his twenty-fourth straight start when he beat Buster Brown, of Chicago, in eight rounds at Des Moines.

Ruddie Frolik, former European middleweight, is now making Des Moines his home. Frolik has boxed Tommy Milligan a twelve-round draw.

Joe Kelly, promoter at Des Moines, has signed Glen Lage, middlewest welterweight champion, to box Warnie Smith, Oklahoma Cowboy, April 5 .

Pinkey George, Greek flyweight, of Des Moines, is going along at a fast pace. He defeated the following boys last month: Jimmy Welsh, of Sioux City; Harold Jelsma, of Lincoln, and Johnny Burds, of Sioux City, in ten-round bouts.

Abe Martin, boxing promoter of Mason City, has signed Ruddy Frolik, European middleweight, to headline the next card there with Ted Zanefes, of Sioux City.

Frankie Whitney, former lightweight star, is now running shows in Cedar Rapids every two weeks. Whitney knows the game and is having packed houses at each show.

Harry Soo Quong Bill, Chinese flyweight, suffered a broken jaw in his fight with Ernie Peters at Chicago. Peters won the decision in six rounds.

Frankie Whitney, of Cedar Rapids; Maurice Cohen, Waterloo, and Joe Kelly, of Des Moines, are planning on running some high-class shows this Summer as they have leased the ball parks in their respective cities.

Young McVey, local middleweight, has been going along at a fast pace, under the guidance of Jim McVey, former lightweight boxer. McVey has engaged in fourteen bouts and won them all.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

Buffalo's newest boxing club, the Crescent Sporting Club, Inc., has established offices at 302 D S. Morgan Building, this city. The Crescent Club has appointed Hugh Shannon as its matchmaker and instructed him to line up the best possible cards. Managers of good boxers will do well to get in touch with Mr. Shannon at once.

Frankie Schoell came back after a long illness and easily defeated Len Darcy, Detroit middleweight, in six rounds at the Velodrome Club show, on February 28. Schoell was not up against a real top-notcher, but Frankie displayed good form and will soon be his old self. He has matches in prospect here with Maxie Rosenbloom and Dave Shade The Rosenbloom match has been often proposed but is scheduled to come off sometime in April.

Other bouts on the Velodrome card resulted as follows: Bobby Tracey, Buffalo, won from Paris Gangey, New Castle, Pa., in six hot rounds; Joe Glick defeated Freddie Muller, Buffalo, in a six; Frankie Van, Cleveland, and Mike Marcelle, Rochester, boxed a draw, six rounds. It was a good show and attracted a large gate.

Jimmy Slattery won an easy victory over Ray Fay, of Pittsburgh, in the Queensberry Club's double windup on February 21.

Although Slattery is not displaying his old punch he was too good for Fay, who never had a chance. A year or two ago when Slattery was himself, a fighter like Fay would not have lasted a round.

Art Weigand ran into a tough bird in Chuck Wiggins, of Indianapolis, who held the Buffalo southpaw to a draw. Weigand had the better of the first few rounds but tired and dropped the last two rounds to the Western invader.

Previous to this bout Weigand knocked out Mike Wallace, of Cleveland, at the show conducted by the Velodrome Club, on February 14. Mike Wallace went the limit with Slattery, giving Jimmy a hard battle. But against Weigand he was but a baby and went out quickly.

A Slattery-Weigand bout is what Buffalo fans would like to see, but it is doubtful whether the match will ever be made. Weigand and his manager, Vince Plunkett, are anxious to do business, but Slattery's managers do not seem to want it.

Dan Rogers, former manager of Rocky Kansas, now retired, is handling the affairs of Larry Gains, Toronto Negro heavyweight.

Johnny Holstein won another good scrap when he defeated Jack (Kid) Willis, of Erie, recently. Holstein is improving right along.

Jimmy Goodrich dropped the decision to Jack Bernsten in a rip-tearing ten-round bout at the Broadway Arena, Brooklyn, on February 28. Goodrich brings back newspaper clippings to prove that he got the worst of it. No place like the ring to settle these disputes and it is more than likely that Jimmy and Jack will step over the 12 or 15-round route soon.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo contender for the world's title, is back in good shape, after a short illness. Ryan would like to get a shot at Bud Taylor, whom he has whipped in no decision bouts. Tommy claims he had Bud on the run and in for a good trimming at Chicago when Taylor was accidentally fouled.

Promoter Jim Mullen promised Ryan a return match but it has never materialized, although Tommy is ready to go to bat with Bud any day now

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By AUSTEN J. SHAY

George Courtney, Oklahoma Cowboy middleweight, won by a K. O. over Joe Kurp, of Shamokin, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round fight when the referee stopped the fight to save Kurp from further punishment at Reading. Joey Hatfield won the judges' decision over Johnny DeMarco, of Philadelphia, after eight rounds of fast fighting. Mickey Diamond, of Philadelphia, and Joe Kuhns, of Reading, battled to a draw in another eight rounder.

Teddy Squint, Reading bantamweight, who had been out of the ring for the past year and a half, staged a successful comeback by dropping Vic Joel, also of Reading, for the full count in the first round last month. In his next fight he held Benny Perry, of Hazleton, to a draw.

Johnny Gill, York's flashy middleweight, won from Johnny Darcy, western scrapper, in Harrisburg last month. It was a ten-round affair. Tommy Laberto, of York, again won the decision of the judges over Jimmy Burns, of Philadelphia.

"Kid" Wolfe, Oneida's clever middleweight, made a big hit with the Reading fans when in his fight with the rugged and hard-hitting Jack McCarty, of Reading, Wolfe, who is only eighteen years old, won the decision after six hard-fought rounds. Wolfe shows lots of promise.

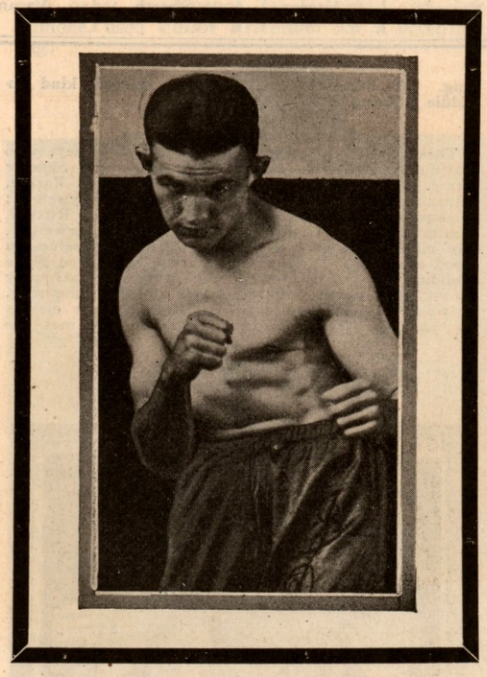
"Irish" Johnny (Dick) Curtin, Lebanon's scrappy welterweight, is training hard every day. He would like another shot at Battling Frank Polosky, of Reading.

"Battling" Willard, Lancaster's crack welterweight, won from the "Arizona Kid," of Chester after eight rounds of hard fighting at Reading. Joey Hatfield won from Joe Kuhns, of Reading, in another eight-rounder.

Bobby Burke, Reading's pleasing little flyweight, won from Floyd McFarland, of Philadelphia, by a K. O. when the referee halted the fight in the fifth round to save McFarland from further punishment. Burke, who is one of the best little boys in the country, and about the best Reading has turned out in many moons, should be given much more credit than what he really gets from his home-town people. Boys like Bobby are a credit to the game. Give him a boost, boys!

Eddie Ochs, Lancaster featherweight, has been showing his old-time form. In his last appearance in Reading, he stopped Scotty McDonald and gave Emery Cabana, of Portland, Me., a whale of a fight in Camden last month, losing the hair-line decision.

Red Delp, the boy who always pleases, won from Joe Bush, of Philadelphia, after eight rounds of fighting, in Reading. Delp, who hails from Reading, is a middleweight. Whenever Red's name appears on the card, the fans see a fight, for he sure gives them action, Red is of the tearing-in-type and always on the go.



Jimmy Delaney, whose death is mourned by army of friends. Delaney died from blood poisoning caused by a broken bone.

Dick "Young" Holke, Lebanon welterweight, is looking for trouble among the boys of his class.

Steve Paulson, Reading lightweight, gave Mule Brown, of Harrisburg, a lacing in a six-round fight at Reading. Battling Polosky, of Reading, stopped Johnny Sanders, also of Reading, in the second round.

A local manager would like to hear from boys of all classes and weights who desire a manager; he promises them plenty of work. Address letters in care of the writer, 1116 Old Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa. Enclose pictures if you have any.

Len Brenner, Lancaster, bantamweight, won from Johnny (Kid) Lewis, of Philadelphia, at the Olympia Club, Philadelphia.

IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By JULES D. BECK

Working a left-handed job to perfection and outboxing his eastern opponent at long range and infighting, Willie Davis, of Charleroi, Pennsylvania State flyweight champion, earned the judges decision at the Palisades Rink, McKeesport, at the end of the ten-round main bout. Marty Gold, of Philadelphia, proved himself a willing mixer and he kept trying all the time but was outclassed.

Ray Fay, another Charleroi mixer was awarded the judges' decision over Emmett Rocco, of New Castle at the end of the six-round semi-final. They are light heavyweights.

Frankie Porto, of McKeesport, trimmed Monte Sirko in the six-round second preliminary.

Phil Goldstein trimmed Freddie Jackson at Philadelphia on February 14. Goldstein is making rapid strides among the featherweights since turning professional.

The matchmakers at the Majestic Club in McKeesport and Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh are trying their level best to bring star attractions before their clubs.

The great little favorite here is still none other than Willie Davies, Charleroi star flyweight. Jim Buchanan, his handler, must be given credit for the careful nursing he has given his boy. Buchanan has Davies at the stage today where he bars no flyweight in the world and the writers' "mezum" will go on Davies just as soon as the champion can be gotten into the ring with Willie.

Ray Maxwell, former Duquense welter, now in Philadelphia, is making quite a reputation out there. He is fighting and winning his bouts regularly.

Dugey O'Hara from McKeesport, has quite a string of battlers who are craving for action. O'Hare's boys range from flyweight to the extreme heavies. They are Corkscrew Hamilton, flyweight; Bull Montana, bantam; Frankie Porto, featherweight; Jack Bany, lightweight; Brooks Laubaugh, welter; Jack Rink, middleweight, and his brightest hope, Nick Perlick, heavyweight.

Jack McFarland, Pittsburgh featherweght, has packed his duds and departed for the Sunny Coast of California. Jack claims to have some lucrative bouts offered, therefore, he forsook Pittsburgh to try his hand at the opportunities offered.

U. S. Carpentier, New Kensington featherweight, is going great and winning steadily. Carpentier throws plenty of gloves and is improving steadily. Carpentier's next probable shot will be with Tommy Crawley, whom his manager, Red Mason has challenged repeatedly.

Bobby Young, Duquesne, junior lightweight, journeyed to Toledo, Ohio, and copped a ten-round decision over Sammy Lupica. Young and Lupica have now met on two occasions and the former was the victor in both battles.

Reed Brown, former Pittsburgh bantam, is now handling the destinies of a few mitt slingers. They are Young Tarzlin, middleweight; Patsy Gallagher, featherweight, and Shurra, bantam. Gallagher has been forced on the side lines due to a broken hand, but will be ready for action shortly.

K. O. Ferry is making quite a hit on the majestic clubs, offerings in McKeesport, where he is featured quite often. K. O. fights at 138.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By SOX PINTO

Joe Reno, Trenton's bid for welterweight honors, upset the dope by giving Joe Wolcott of Panama a sound beating for ten rounds, Wolcott was made a favorite by reasons of his victories over Kendy Banks and Billy Moffo, Reno has not lost a bout since placing himself under the management of Sammy Perro.

Micky Mooney beat Gene Geffner in the semi of eight rounds. This was Moony's fourth consecutive victory since his come-back.

In a special eight-rounder Sammy Tucker, of Newark, beat Kid Harvey, of Trenton.

Jesse Goss, colored lightweight of Trenton, stopped Jackie Hindle, of Camden, in the eighth round.

In a return bout of ten rocnds Marty Gold, of Phila, was far too clever for Blas Rodriquez, of Mexico, thus winning the newspaper decision.

Kid Harvey, local bantam, beat Danny Toomey, of Camden, in the semi of eight rounds.

Babe McCorgory, of New York, beat Charlie Authors, of Newark, in the wind-up of ten rounds, both men are middleweights.

Joe Walcott, of Panama, beat Kenty Banks, of Rahway, a week later he beat Billy Moffo, of Bristol, Pa. Both of these bouts were of eight rounds.

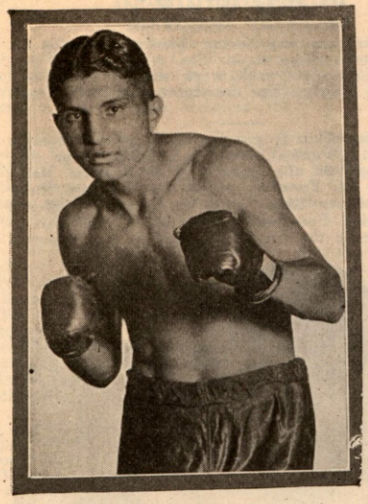
Erwin Bige, of Omaha, gave Danny Gordan, of Phila, a sound trouncing in the semi of eight rocnds.

Young Terry beat Billy Brown in a six-round bout.

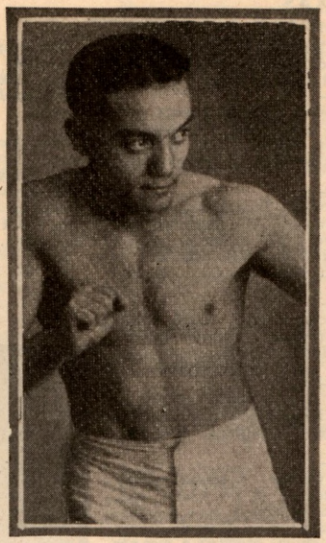
Tommy West, lightheavy, of Trenton, upset the dope by beating Matt Adgie, of Phila, at the Arena in Phila. Both judges gave the fight to West.

Jack Marfino, local sportsman, came back from the Delaney-Maloney bout flatter than a pancake. Better luck next time, Jack.

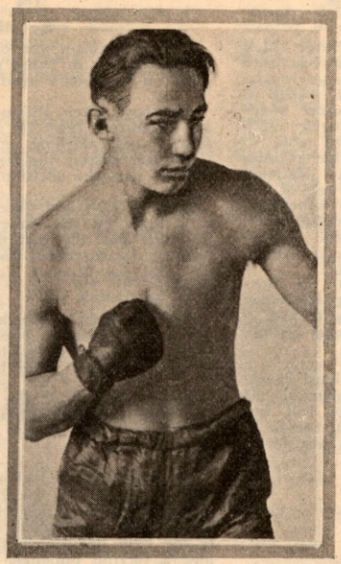
Chick Emmons, of Trenton, beat Bobby Boyland, of Camden in a six-round bout. The bell came to Boyland's rescue in the final round.



Joey Dorando, slashing lightweight from Lyndhurst, N. J., a boy with a bright future. He engaged in many interesting bouts in 1926.

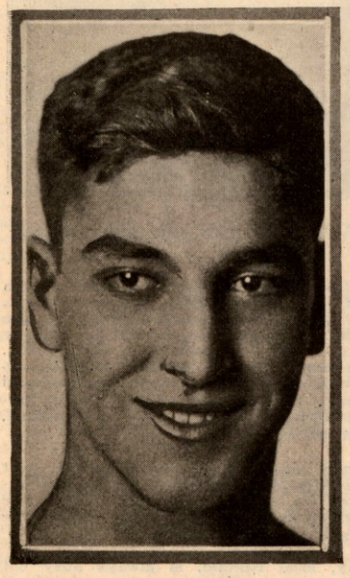


Johnny Farr, featherweight of the Pacific Coast, a rough and tough customer for anyone to tackle.

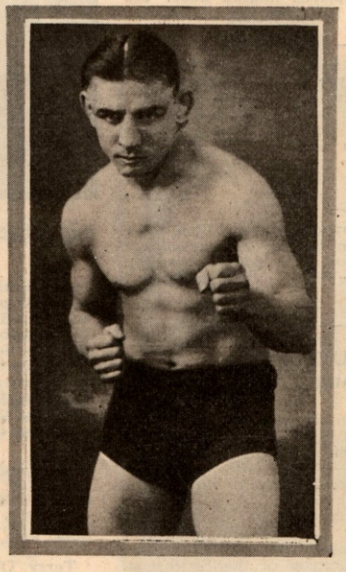


"Irish" Tommy Jordan, Brooklyn welter, who is full of action from gong to gong.

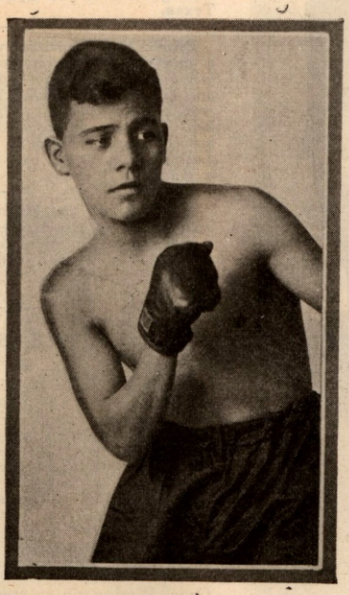
Hilly Levine, bruising little tiger from Coney Island, aggressive at all times.



Phil Mercurio, promising light-heavyweight from New Rochelle, being tutored by Joe Welling.

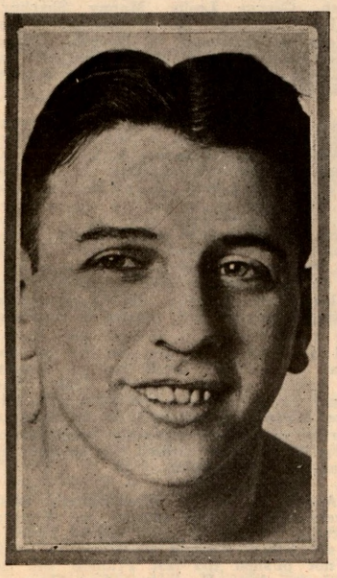


Willie Ames, veteran campaigner from Ohio, who is still meeting all the newcomers.

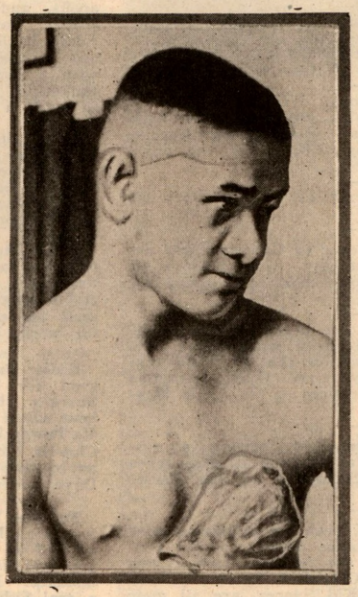


Davey Abad, classy Panamanian flyweight, who is faring successfully in his battles here.

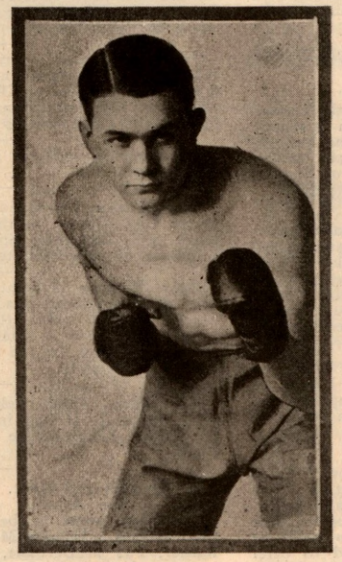
Jimmy Sakamoto, Japanese featherweight, making good in New York.



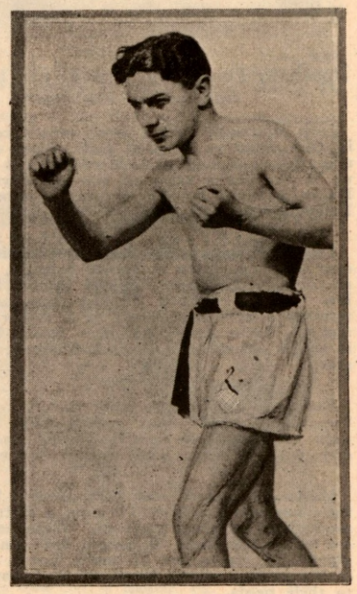
Archie Bell, classy Brooklyn bantamweight, who made good around Chicago.



"Allentown" Joe Gans, colored middleweight from Pennsylvania.



George Courtney, the Oklahoma Cowboy, a protege of Paddy Mullins.



Jackie Johnston, bantamweight champion of Canada, a dandy little fighter.

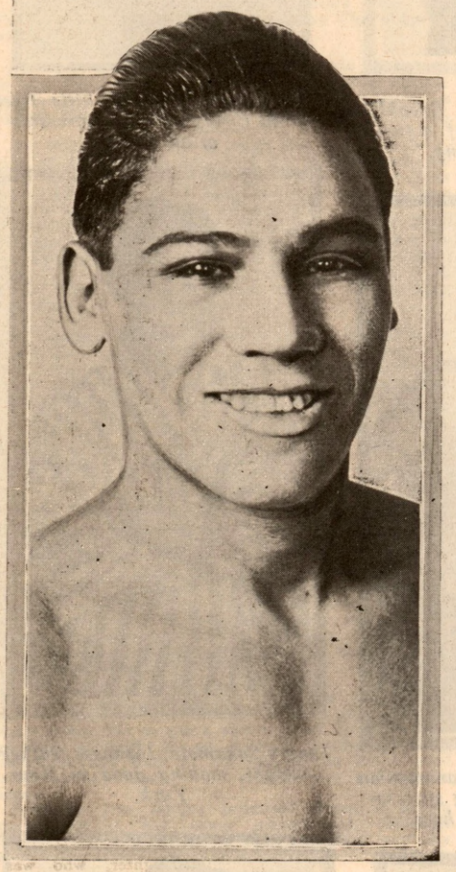
NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLEMAN J. NEE

Jimmy Maloney's sensational victory over Jack Delaney pushed the game South Boston boy into the front rank of contenders for the heavyweight crown, the most lucrative goal in the world of sport. Maloney, the most popular Boston boxer since the days of John L., is improving every start and with his youth and courage will be able to give Tiger Jack or Gene the most miserable evening they have ever spent inside the ropes. Maloney has been ably managed by Dan Carroll, one of the shrewdest handlers of boxers in the fistic racket and under his management the Boston "strong boy" is sure to climb to the top rung. Carroll is also the manager of Honeyboy Finnegan, featherweight.

Tom Goodwin, who has earned the title of Boston's Tex Rickard, is now busy trying to locate opponents for both Maloney and Finnegan and if he succeeds, and Tom generally does, the Suffolk A. A. will be the scene of hostilities.

Al Mello, scrappy welterweight is at hard training for matches his manager, Bobby Goldman, has booked for him. Mello may meet George Kid Lee in a return bout. If the match is clinched, the S. R. O. sign will be out early as both boys are bitter rivals.



Stanislaus Loayza, who ranks ace high among lightweight contenders.

Jack Morrosso, Italian heavy who recently arrived in this country, defeated Jack Rizzio in his first appearance on this side. Morrosso was the runner-up in the heavy class at the last Olympic games. He is managed by Rip Valenti, mentor of Sammy Fuller.

Johnny Vacca, who won a sensational victory over Fidel La Barba in Boston recently, has received an offer to appear in England against Elky Clarke. His manager, Johnny Buckley may accept if the terms are agreeable. There is a rumor that Vacca and La Barba may meet in a return bout. Vacca is in the same stable as Jack Sharkey, heavyweight star.

Freddy Wiederhold, popular handler of boxers, is keeping his stable busy around New England and each evening finds genial Freddy in a different city with a boxer who usually delivers action.

Marty Fitzpatrick and Billy Griffen have located their new gym in South Boston, a district that has produced some great ringmen. These popular handlers and conditioners of boxers have an up to date plant and invite out of town boxers to train at their quarters where they will be pleased to cater to their needs.

IN TEXAS

By SENOR EL

Johnny Simpson won on a K. O. from Mike Petroller at Laredo in three rounds. Petroller injured his hand on Simpson's head and had to retire.

"Cowboy" Jack Dillon proved to 3,000 boxing fans at Galveston that he is a game fellow when he fought ten slashing rounds with Candi Esgivel, Galveston welter, the last three with a broken hand. Esgivel won the decision.

Charlie Cobb and Jose Estrada fought ten rounds to a draw on the same card. In the prelims, Red Bresnan got the award over Joe Zielinski in six rounds; Leatherhead Duncan outpointed Kid Hill in six, and Joe Moreno won in four rounds from Kid Lewis.

Tony Herrarra won a decision over Allen Whitlow at El Paso in twelve rounds. Jimmie McDermott and Kid Pandro boxed ten rounds to a draw at San Antonio. The boys are bantamweights.

Capt. Charley Muller is now athletic officer at Ft. Sam Houston. Charley is an all-around athlete and knows the boxing game thoroughly. We wish him success.

The much-talked-about Connie Josenio-Dummy Mahan match was fought at last at Ft. Clark, and, true to the prediction of the writer, it was a humdinger, and was called a draw. The Dummy being of the Paul Berlenbach type, short, stocky; a weaver and a terrific puncher, while Josenio boxes on the Jack Delaney style, a straight-up boxer and clean hitter.

Bill Podrazzo, a fine junior lightweight, is again on the war path. He has placed himself under the management of Joe Lynch, 1108 Austin St., Houston, Texas.

Pete Latzo, world's welterweight champion, lost a newspaper decision to Clyde Hull, the northwestern titleholder. Latzo couldn't do a thing with Hull and in the ninth round it looked as if the champion would be stopped, but Pete weathered the storm and held his own in the tenth and final round. Hull scored a knock-down in the seventh when he caught Latzo off balance, but the champion did not take a count.

Jose Estrada and his manager, Jimmy Filton, were suspended by the Galveston Boxing Commission for a period of six months, for a breach of contract. Estrada's suspension will be lifted providing he gets another manager.

IN THE SOUTHWEST

By JIMMY

Now that warm weather is approaching, the boxing game has hit a boom in this section. New clubs are springing up all over the section. Also many new fighters are drifting into this territory.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, has again entered the cauliflower industry. Johnny Ringling, popular Sportsman and business man of Albuquerque, has the promoting reins in that city. Ringling put over his first show of the season February 17, when Joe Rivers, lightweight champion of the Southwest, and Gene Watson, former lightweight champion of this section, were the principals. Rivers defeated Gene Watson in a twelve-round bout. Rivers is now recognized throughout the Southwest as the Southwestern lightweight champion

Promoter Ringling is planning to bring in Frankie Monroe to meet Rivers on the next Albuquerque fight card. Albuquerque turned out to a capacity house for the Rivers and Watson fight.

Over in Phoenix, Arizona, Willie Hunneflet is still giving the fans in his city plenty of fistic fire works. Tommy Elks sprung a big surprise when he defeated Shamus O'Brien for the State lightweight championship.

Hunnefelt is making good as a promoter He is very popular.

Gene Watson journeyed over to Galveston and defeated Dick Gilbert in that City. Gene made a hit there and Promoter Sproule has him signed for a couple of more fights.

Tony Herrera is bout the biggest fistic sensation the Southwest has seen in many years. He is the biggest gate attraction the El Paso promoters had seen in many days. Coast promoters are also bidding for the services of the Little Mexican featherweight

Kid Allen, local welterweight, sprung a surprise on the local fans in and around El Paso when he easily defeated Joe Schlocker, of the Pacific Coast.

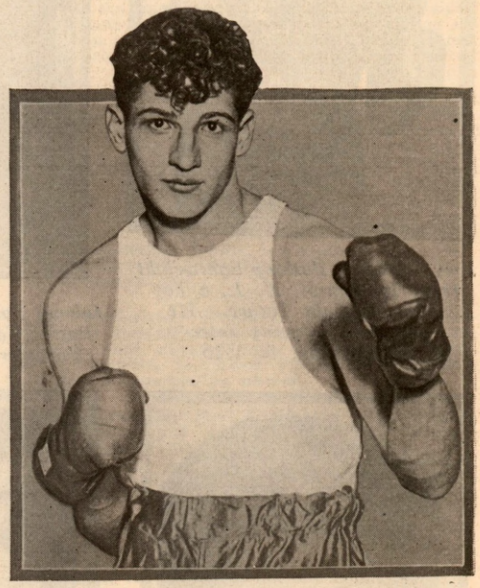
Al Edwards and Lieut. Kilpack are promoting good shows in San Antonio. Little fellows, mostly bantamweights, seem to be the leading stars around that section. Johnny McCoy, Kid Pancho, Johnny Ratner, Pat McDermott, Kid Suarez, are all main event performers in San Antonio.

IN WASHINGTON

By PATSY DONOVAN

Washington fans are seeing plenty of action at the club shows these days. The Aloysius and Arcadia Clubs alternate each week with a show, and both clubs' membership are increasing with each show.

The Aloysius Club is growing by leaps and bounds since C. E. "Fat" Cornell has taken over the matchmaking. At the Arcadia Club Frankie Mann has booked Al Foreman with the Veteran Ruby Stein for a bout. Many good feathers were offered this shot with Foremen but turned a deaf ear to the same, hence the reason for Stein as an opponent.



Andy Devodi, New York's top notch welterweight.

Al is the most popular fighter in Washington and will pack them in regardless who is opponent, maybe. This was proven last summer when the Washington fans turned out to see Al murder poor old Joe Souza. Al is also popular in Philadelphia, where he has recorded three straight victories, his opponents being Jimmy Monroe, Carl Tremaine and Mike Ballereno. His manager, Gene Kessler, expects to hook Al up with Eddie Shea in Cleveland, Ohio, for next month.

Lou Gugglimini made a local appearance this past month at the Aloysius Club where he handily defeated Red Leonard, of Richmond, Va. Lou is the same club fighter as of old and always pleases the fans with his clownistic tactics.

Terry O'Day, local bantam, is always busy out of town, but seems unable to get on the local cards. Terry is one of the best boxers in this vicinity and has only received one set-back in more than a year. During the past month Terry boxed six times, appearing in Baltimore, Hagerstown, Anapolis, and Richmond, Va. His opponents being Jimmy Parrish, George Leslie, Manny Sharkey, Eddie Buell, Joe Villas and Manny Brooks. Terry lost a close one in Baltimore to Parrish. Terry won a popular decision over Manny Sharkey in Richmond, Va. Sharkey is one of the few boxers to gain a victory over Terry.

Texas Stovall, the fighting Indian from Texas, is another local fighter seldom to appear locally. Texas gave Willie Ptomey a lacing in Hagerstown, Md., on George Washington's birthday. In winning over Ptomey Texas did a real job, as Ptomey is a real fighter.

Willie Ptomey, the all-service middleweight champion, is taking a much needed rest after boxing five times in one week. Ptomey has lost considerable weight and has been ordered to stay on the shelf for at least three weeks. He is a glutton for work, boxing some 50 odd rounds in a week.

Eddie Buell again demonstrated he is far too good for local opposition. Buell handed Manny Sharkey the pasting at the Arcadia Club. The bout was a repetition of Buell's recent fight with Eddie Bowen here. Matchmaker Cornell, of the Aloysius Club is dickering with some top-notch bantams as an opponent for Buell. One Cornell has in mind is Dave Alderman, of Philadelphia.

Frankie DeAngelo is one of Washington's most promising boxers. He is boxing regular out of town as well as locally. During the past month Frankie appeared in six bouts winning decisions in each instance. If not pushed too fast Frankie will be a real fighter some day. He is now just 17 years of age.

IN SOUTH JERSEY
By HARRY DOLFUSS

In a gruelling battle at Convention Hall of Camden, Roxie Allen, Camden, defeated Nick Nichols, of the same place, in eight rounds and with the victory, went the mythical South Jersey lightweight crown. Both boys weighed 136.

Jackie Hindle received his first serious setback when he was stopped by Jesse Goss, the hard-hitting Negro lightweight, of Trenton, in seven rounds in the Capitol City. Hindle suffered an eye injury from which he has completely recovered and is now ready to resume his ring work.

Lew McFarland, featherweight, who can fling some classy mitts himself, is representing a stable of boxers that are doing some great ring work in the East. Johnny Corbett, a member of the U. S. Marines, scored three knockouts in two weeks. He toppled over Benny Bernard, of Wilmington, in two rounds and repeated the work four days later at Elk Mills, Md. Then Corbett, whose home is in Youngstown, O., put the bee on Georgie Boban's chin for a ten count before the same club.

Sugar-Babe Garlington, a "Dark Cloud," who is just rarin' to bust and rain all over some of the outstanding featherweights. is another member of McFarland's stable. Joe Lill, the marine heavyweight champion who has done some great battling around Philly, is going over to fight some Chinamen for Uncle Sam and will be missing from the rings hereabouts for a while.

Bobby Michaels, Phiadelphia red-head, gave a whirlwind exhibition in defeating Joey Reynolds, of Atlantic City, in the feature bout at Bridgeton.

Joe Bush, Philadelphia middleweight, displayed old-time form in his bout at Reading against Red Delp.

Marty Gold, who failed to gain the favor of Tex Rickard, when that impressario classified the world's outstanding flyweights, was easily returned the victor in ten rounds at Trenton over Blass Rodriguez, whom Rickard considers the fourth best flyweight in the world.

Frankie Vance, one of the best bids for the welterweight title, scored an impressive victory in Camden's Convention Hall when he pasted Joey Reynolds, the Atlantic City war horse, all over the lot, scoring a decided hit with the fans at the same time he was scoring hits on Reynolds.

Tony Angelo, who formerly battled under the moniker of Little Jeff, knocked out Johnny Sommers in Atlantic City and is due for a return engagement at the Shore resort in the near future.

Joe Coogan, Atlantic City impressario, has added "Sweet Boy" Carter, a rip snorting Negro lightweight, Al Newton, Filthy McNasty, two welters, Mud-Bottom Bill and a Chinese bantamweight, "Hong-Kong" Washie, to his rapidly growing lineup of glove wielders.

Slim Conrad, the slugging Irish heavyweight, beat Bunny Blake in eight rounds at Norristown, sending Blake to the deck for the nine count on three occasions in the contest. Conrad has shown great improvement is his last five starts and will make any light-heavy step lively to win over him.

Emory Cabano, who, since being under the direction of Phil Glassman has had a meteoric rise, added an important scalp when he topped off victories over Buck Fleming and Eddie Ochs by giving Mickey Blair a severe lacing in eight rounds at Camden, Feb. 24th.

Scotty McDonald, the "Heilan" lad, put another sensational bout on when he was opposed to Eddie Ochs, the elongated warrior, in the feature attraction of Joe "Tex" Kennedy's biff emporium in Reading, Pa.

Manuel Flores, the sensational Zamboanga Bearcat, has biffed his way back into the condition that made him famous throughout this section when he was battling top-notchers. Among his victims are included, Eddie Conners, Syd Barrett, Danny Fields. The Camden Filipino meets Harry Saunders in the windup of the Elk Mills, Md., club and then will pair with Syd Barrett in a return melee.

Fighting the most brilliant battle of his career, Bobby Michaels slugged his way to victory over the durable gladiator, Willie Patterson, in the star bout at the Moose A. C. in Bridgeton. Cash customers were turned away from Pete Post's punch bowl as this was the battle they had been waiting to see.

Ray McCarney, son of the famous Billy McCarney, has launched on a managerial career and is steering Artie McCann and Joe Spearing, a pair of 135 pounders. toward the lightweight diadem. McCann has performed in great style since being under Ray's wing, defeating Lou Jackson, "Papers" Jimmy Kelly asd Pete Nebo.

Charlie Cunningham, of Clementon, who has battled all the flyweights in this vicinity to a standstill, was on the sidelines for a month, suffering with an abcessed jaw. Charlie has recovered and is once again angling for trouble with any boys near his weight.

Morris Caplin, local promoter, has undertaken the management of Mendell Bailus, the Russian Cossack, who defeated Alexander Romanoff for the heavyweight championship of Siberia, wants to match his champ with "Ferocious" George Bungle, "Wildcat" Sam Hahn or Matt Adgie.

Jimmy Doyle and Jack Hennessey, local managers, have a likely looking prospect in Jimmy Kelly, a 118 pounder, who won the decision over Jack McLeod at the Cambria Club.

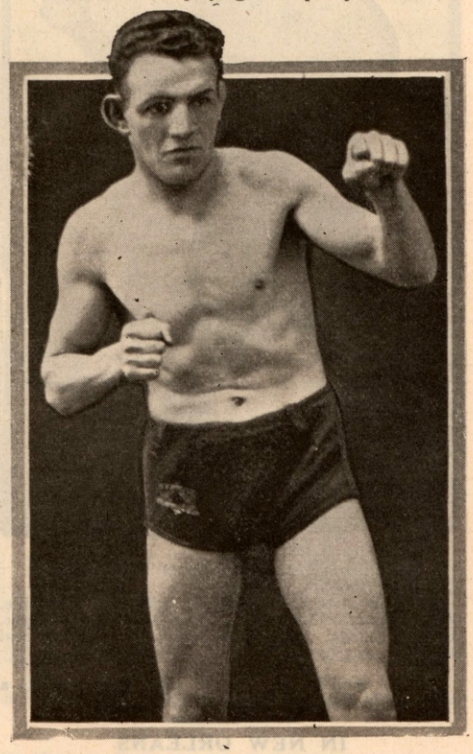
Nick Nichols, the Camden slugger who has turned in his butcher's union card and donned a mail-carrier's regalia, appears to be a boxer who will improve rapidly with proper instruction.

Tommy Langdon, 118 pounder, who has met Mckey Blair, Patsy Wallace, Charley (Phil) Rosenberg and several other good boys, is again seeking engagements with leading bantamweight contenders.

Pedro Aguinaldo, who is credited with two twenty-round draws with Amos Kid Carlin, has signed a losg-term contract with Lou Curry and Ted Brodie. Atlantic City promoters and started a campaign by knocking out Billy Richards and defeating Mickey Larkin at the Seashore Club.

Lew McFarland, formerly of San Francisco, but now a resident of Camden, is negotiating with the owners of the Atlantic City Speedway, in regards to promoting open-air shows this summer. With a seating capacity of over 100,000, McFarland could offer the fans the best in fistic affairs, as the Speedway is an equal distance between New York and Philadelphia.

Bill Higgins and Morris Caplin, the Camden promoters, have been playing to capacity houses dur-



Harry Sone, veteran welterweight campaigner, who is on his way to this country from Australia

ing the past eight weeks. The demise of the New York Ship A. A. has attracted the fans to support the Camden City A. A. which has been putting over some great shows.

Joe Lill, the young heavyweight, came up from Quantico and floored "Tex" McEwain for a nine count in the second round and it looked like curtains for the Canuck, but he weathered the storm and remained upright for the distance of ten rounds. The next day Lill embarked on the U. S. S. Henderson to battle the heathen Chinee.

Ray Lawler, the Jersey heavyweight, who resembles Gene Tunney in countenance and ring action, is another member of the Marine Corps who was caught in the draft for foreign duty. Ray will be remembered for his memorable bouts with Len Herring and his successive knockouts over Jimmy Coyle and Lee Anderson. Lawler will be welcomed upon his return by the fans who have enjoyed his performances.

Sandy McNiblo, another rugged battler from this side of the Delaware, won a technical knockout over Rhode Island Red, of Egg Harbor. He also knocked Kid Tomato, of Campbell's Soup, for a row of Bermuda onions.

Matty White, Johnny Burn's flyweight contender, defeated Wee Willie Woods, having the canny Scot on the verge of a trip to the heather several times during a ten-round engagement.

Johnny Hayes defeated Tommy Farley in a ten-round bout. This was quite a feather in Hayes' bonnet as Farley has battled such men as Billy Wallace, Lew McFarland, Danny Gartin, Red Cap Wilson and other outstanding fighters.

A great fistic attraction for Camden would be a bout between Manuel Flores, who has a large following from Campbells, and Scotty MacDonald, the slugging Scotchman.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Philadelphia fight fans could not help but admire Tommy Herman, Max Hoff's lightweight, when he took his first K. O. in the bout against Bobby Garcia at the arena recently. The Mexican proved too experienced for Tommy, who is only eighteen years old. It just happened that Max Hoff was not in his corner at the time.

Tommy Loughran's ninety-ninth professional start was his ten-round victory over Johnny Risko, at Wilkes-Barre and the South Philadelphia light-heavyweight came through an easy winner.

Johnny Corbett, a clever lightweight of the Marine Corps, is working out regularly under Lew McFarland.

Battling Levinsky, whose Philadelphia comeback included a recent victory over Ray Neuman, of Jersey City, still insists he can beat Matt Adgie, the West Philadelphia "Ice Man." They may get together as an open air feature in the summer.

Harry Blitman, a product of the Quaker City amateur ranks, continues to be a sensation among the little fellows. He has turned in at least fifteen straight victories. It is to be hoped the promoters do not rush him too fast.

Penn's 1925 all-American end, George Thayer, and captain of last year's varsity team, is proving a star on Coach George Decker's Red and Blue boxing team. He is boxing in the 175-pound class.

Joe Kennedy is already workng on the programs for his open-air shows in West Manayunk. The suburban club went over big last summer and he plans to get started again in May.

Al Winkler has been stepping right along with victories since Phil Glassman pushed him into the front ranks.

Young Buck Fleming, who has appeared in Philadelphia rings for a number of years, has decided to quit the sport. He plans to open a gymnasium and boxing school.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, who was taken ill while on the Pacific Coast, is back in shape again and expects to appear in a number of bouts during the spring. Hughey McLoon, is representing Max Hoff on the coast and also looking after Danny Kramer and Harry (Kid) Brown, other Philadelphians.

Willie Davies, the Charleroi, Pa., flyweight, always puts up a good fight in Philadelphia. He recently gained another decision over Joey Ross, the New Yorker, at the arena. Four days later he met Matty White at the Cambria.

Norristown is enjoying its best winter of boxing under the management of Frank Leighthammer. A number of Philadelphia boys see action at the Norristown club, which is only twenty miles from the Quaker City.

Davey Adelman, Philadelphia fighter, who was suspended for sixty days by the State Athletic Commission, will be eligible to fight again March 19.

With the passing of the Jules Aranson management at the Arena, the new owner, Phil Glassman is to step in. This means that Glassman's stable, with Benny Bass, Al Winkler and other stars, will be seen in action frequently.

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FROM GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

Atlanta seems to have taken a new lease on life the way they have been attending the bouts that the Miller brothers, Walk and Burt have been staging.

Burt Miller secured the services of Leo Gates, the Mohawk Indian, to face Young Stribling and the local heavyweight had a little trouble disposing of the gigantic Indian who was knocked out.

Jake Abel, former popular welterweight battler and now owner of the Wilmont Hotel, acted as host for a number of pugilists who have invaded these parts recently. Among recent boxers to have visited the popular hostlery were Dandy Dick Griffin, of Texas, accompanied by Clyde Hull, who recently defeated champion Pete Latzo when the titleholder made a barnstorming trip through Texas Harry Van Patten, a husky heavyweight who is acting as sparring mate for Stribling, and Leo Gates and manager, Max Meyers.

Walk Miller made a hurry trip from New York to sign Claude Hull to a contract. Miller is to handle the young welterweight in future bouts.

Word received here from Max Abelson, manager of Tony Leto, the great little Florida bantam, that Leto, in a bout in Florida, fractured his right hand so badly that the little fellow will be compelled to take a long rest.

Pinkie May is keeping himself busy. May, who is being managed by Ed Alexander, who also handles Battling Finch, is another that is going at a great gate. Finch recently boxed Chuck Burns a great ten-round draw.

Tommy Jones had little trouble disposing of Young Lewis in a ten-round bout. Jones later held George Ambladt, the hard-hitting Frenchman, to a ten-round draw

BOXING IN TAMPA
By RED NEWTON

Tampa Boxing officials paid out an aggregate sum of $118,000 to boxers who appeared here in 1926, breaking all previous records in Florida for a single year, according to an announcement by Promoter Jim Downing.

A year ago boxing in the metropolis of the Florida West Coast was comparatively nothing. Few national fistic maulers of note appeared here. The weekly shows for the most part featured the local boys.

The Tampa Boxing Commission brought Jim Downing, veteran matchmaker, here and put him in complete charge of the local arena. Since that time the game has risen in leaps and bounds until it is recognized along with golf and baseball as a major sport of the State.

Speaking before one of Tampa's civic clubs several weeks ago, Downing stated that Tampa rates eighth among the boxing centers of the world.

During 1926 such national boxing figures as Paul Berlenbach, Young Stribling, Dave Shade, Billy Wells, Tommy Freeman, Jack Renault, Sammy Vogel, and countless other stars of equal rank in the game fought in the Tampa ring.

This year Sammy Mandell, world's lightweight champion, Billy Wells, Tommy Freeman, Paolino and several other lesser stars have already fought in the Tampa arena.

On Friday, Feb. 25, Tommy Freeman appeared here against Arturo Shekels, Billiken Kid, who claims the Belgian welter crown.

Following the example set by the Tampa ring, other leading cities throughout the State have catered to the fistic game and have established arenas.

Boxing in Florida is forbidden by an act passed several years ago by the State Legislature. In every instance the State boxing arenas are sponsored by the United States reserve army officials and the arenas are on government property.

There are two arenas in Tampa that put on weekly shows. The Artillery battery puts on a show every Friday night while the Cuban Club offers lesser fistic lights on each Monday night.

The St. Petersburg arena has enjoyed unusual growth during the past two years. A year ago Gene Tunney, world's heavyweight champion, appeared in the Sunshine City and knocked out Dan O'Dowd in the second round of their scheduled 10-round bout.

There are arenas at West Palm Beach, Miami and Fort Worth on the Florida East Coast. At Jacksonville the boxing game is flourishing. Several small towns, such as Clearwater, Tarpon Springs, have established small boxing rings about the Florida West Coast.

It is not unusual to see seven and eight thousand fans pass through the turn stiles of the Tampa arena. The capacity of the Tampa Stadium is 8,000 and at least a dozen times during the past year the boxing commission reported a sellout.

Firpo Wilcox stopped Jack McDonald in the first round of a ten-round bout at Kansas City recently.

Denver Kid and Pinkey May fought ten rounds to a draw at Pittsburgh. Archie Patterson and Pooch Brown fought six rounds to a draw. Hamp McNally won a technical K. O. in the seventh round from Henry Neniger. Tommy Smirl won in six rounds from Joe Fernandez.

Kansas Kid Easter and Jimmie Deering fought ten fast rounds to a draw in the main event at Sedalia.

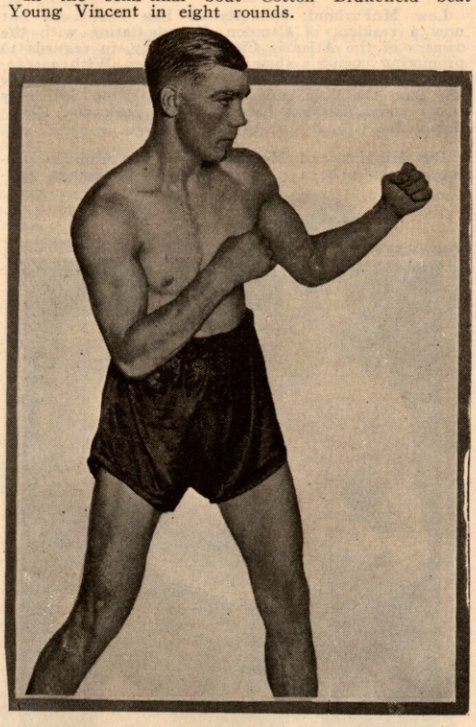
Jimmy Deering gave Al Horner a terrific beating in the ten-round main event at Jefferson City, Mo. Kid Warren knocked out Buddy Boone in the first round. Bill DeCrow won a technical K. O. in three rounds from Russell Tate.

Jack Hurley had an edge in ten rounds over Jimmie Carter in the main event at Wellington, Kans.

ALABAMA
By S. P. CARPRI

At the Birmingham Athletic Club the latter part of January: Claude Wilson, featherweight, kayoed Young Battling Kelly in five rounds.

In the semi-final bout Cotton Brakefield beat Young Vincent in eight rounds.



Jimmy Finley, star Southern welterweight.

At the B. A. C.: Young Jack Dillon, of Louisville, stopped Johnny McGinty, a local light heavyweight, in four rounds. Dillon was too fast for the local boy.

In the semi-final: Cotton Brakefield fought a draw with Battling Bozo, of East Park.

IN NEW ORLEANS
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

After a five-month layoff boxing was resumed here last month, with the Tony Marullo-Caveman Fisher twelve-round bout. It was Promoter Frank Grand's first show. Grand is the sole boxing promoter in N. O., and he is a high-class fellow and knows the boxing game from A to Z.

Grand intends to bring the fight game here back to its old standing and his policy is to show nothing but fighters who fight at his arena. Grand has wires out to some of the leading fighters in every division and Crescent City fans are looking forward to some real shows this month.

Basil Galiano has been offered an engagement with Mushy Callahan for the latter part of this month in St. Paul, but Red Walsh, Gally's manager, is undecided, as they want Galiano to come in over the 140 pound figure to which he would have to build up and this would tend to show him up because Galiano is a natural 135 pounder.

Martin Burke has received several offers from European promoters to make a trip across the Atlantic for several engagements. Burke already has victories over two foreign champions, Otto Von Porat, Sweden, and Blackie Miller of Australia. The lanky Irishman has at last found his punch and it behooves the heavies to beware of Martin. He may not be a world beater, but he certainly can sock some as Gene Tunney will join. Gene says Martin landed on the champion the hardest blow he ever received.

Pal Moran returned home from Havana where he dropped a decision to Young Manuel, a southpaw. Moran says he did not know that Manuel was a left-hander, else he would have turned down the offer. Moran is being considered for a match with Basil Galiano or Billy Petrolle here next month.

Joe Mandell, brother to lightweight champion, Sammy Mandell, arrived in town last month and engaged in several bouts in and around the surrounding towns of New Orleans and emerged victorious in every one. Jack Lamont, a middleweight, accompanied Mandell and made a big hit with his aggressive style of milling. They are en route to Hot Springs, Ark.

Archie Lewis, who won the Southern Amateur Championship last month, and a brother to Joe, the professional, will make his "pro" debut the latter part of this month or early part of next. Archie won fifteen consecutive bouts as an amateur.

Lewis has all the necessary qualities that go along to make a good fighter. He will be under the management of Red Walsh and Archie Hays.

Broadway Johnny Cox may be induced to show his welterweight, Farmer Joe Cooper, here this month against Tommy Freeman in a twelve-round bout. Cooper has boxed in every part of the South, but has never shown in this city.

Cooper would prove a big hit here with his style of fighting as local fans enjoy seeing the slugger type of fighter in action. No doubt Farmer Joe carries a wallop, as his bouts with George Ward, Al Mancini and Lew Tendler easily testify. Tendler was on the floor twice for nine counts in his recent bout in Madison Square Garden with Cooper.

Big Boy Peterson, Paul La Croix's hope for heavyweight honors turned in an impressive win last month when he knocked out Sergt. Jack Adams, in six rounds at Mobile, Ala. Peterson then journeyed to Dallas, Texas, where he trounced Jack Matlock in every round of a ten-round bout.

La Croix intends to invade the East this summer with his table of fighters, which includes, Amos (Kid) Carlin, Buster Mallini, Jimmy Mallini and Peterson. Carlin is the lad that has met all the leading bantams in the country, among some of those are the late Pancho Villa, Harry Gordon, Frankie Ash, Eddie McKenna and a host of others. La Croix is confident that his stable will get plenty of work, as all have reputations.

Another amateur champion will make his "pro" debut this month, his name is Pomp Romero, a flyweight, and a kid that can really fight. He packs a fair wallop and can "take it." Romero hails from the Argentine and the same town as Luis Firpo. If he is taken along carefully he is a cinch to reach the top.

Jack Lewis in back again in the gym preparing for several bouts that Red Walsh has arranged around the South. Lewis is a junior lightweight and has met such fighters as Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Lou Paluso, Joe Cook and a host of others. He packs a mean wallop and his record is crowded with knockouts. There is some talk of matching him with Pal Moran or Henry Jungle here the latter part of this month and they will have to turn them away if Lewis is matched with any of the mentioned pair.

IN PANAMA
By C. A. COLEMAN

More than two thousand enthusiastic fight fans were present at the Vista Alegree Bull Ring, Panama, on Sunday night, February 13, and saw the crashing defeat of Jose Lombardo at the hands of Pedro Amador (known to Isthmian fans as Kid Chato). For seven years Lombardo reigned as master of his division in Isthmian rings, and with the exception of "Honeyboy" Finnegan, he put it over all his opponents.

Just a few years ago, when but a novice to the boxing game, Amador sat at our local ringsides and wondered at the performances of Lombardo, but time swiftly ran, Amador advanced in the game, and now he is Lombardo's master.

Amador is a public pleaser and will be a good drawing card wherever he goes. When Amador returned to Colon, his home town, he was met by hundreds of his townmates and a procession headed by a large number of automobiles and coaches paraded the principal streets of the city hailing their new champion.

SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS
By JESS RISNER

Johnnie Wagner won an edge in ten rounds over Freeman Pepper at Ft. Scott. Kid Dunham defeated Babe Knaup in six rounds. Babe Hunt, won an eight-round decision over Walker Rich.

At Kansas City Larry Cappo won a ten-round decision over the ancient Ray Long. Spider Kelly and Joe Trabon stepped ten frames to a draw.

Jimmie Deering and Tommy Irving fought ten fast rounds to a draw before the Frisco Athletic Club at Springfield, Mo. Bernie Irvine, middleweight, stopped Tip Welch, welter, in the tenth round.

IN CALIFORNIA

By THERON FISK

Jack Doyle has taken a lease on the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles and will hold boxing shows every Tuesday night. The first venture under Doyle's management featured Lew Tendler and Young Harry Wills.

At the regular monthly session of the Boxing Commission, Ace Hudkins and his brother manager, Clyde, were given a clean bill on the charges, by disgruntled ones, that they were a party to shady business in the State of Kansas.

The Commission also in a fatherly way advised the Wildcat not to sign with Jack Kearns. Form your own opinion, however, there are those who profess to believe that the Dapper Doctor viewed with alarm the Wildcat's increasing weight and only sought protection for his champion.

Meanwhile Hudkins has headlined three shows in Los Angeles, twice packing the Olympic and establishing a new high attendance record at Dick Donald's regular monthly outdoor show.

The Mysterious Jimmy McLarnin is his old self again. Making his first start since sickness forced him out several months ago. Mysterious Jimmy came back and held Tommy Cello even in an open air shows at Frisco.

With a couple more fights under his belt Mysterious Jimmy will again become the greatest drawing card in California and should have no trouble wrecking the present crop of lightweights, Sammy Mandell, Sid Terris and Jackie Fields not excepted.

Billie Gibson arrived in San Francisco to meet his champion of all the champions, Gene Tunney, who is winding up a vaudeville tour. Gibson expressed his opinion that Jack Dempsey would never fight again and announced that he had booked a series of exhibition bouts for the champion which would take them back to New York.

The lure of Hollywood got Paul Berlenbach. Berly was found registered at the Hollywood Athletic Club before local papers received pictures of his fight and knockout in New York with the ancient Mike McTigue.

Sammy Mandell arrived in Los Angeles with his manager and a willingness to do battle—with a setup or two.

Harry Kid Brown was knocked silly by Young Jack Thompson and lost by a technical knockout in the fifth round at Frisco.

Jimmy Duffy was K. Oed. in the fourth round by Young Harry Wills. A right to the jaw put Duffy out for a full three minutes. The fight packed the Oakland Auditorium.

Eddie Kid Wagnor, making his first California start, won from Marty Mario, Jack Kearns' agony fighter, at Hollywood.

Georgie Lavigne returned home after two years' absence in the East and made his first start at Hollywood against Paul DeHate.

Dode Bercot, after a year's absence, returned to Los Angeles, making his first start against Baby Joe Gans, at the Olympic.

Bally-hooed to the sky by his manager, Jimmy Daugherty, Joe Anderson failed to create any lingering impresion in his fight with the cautious Mexican, Bert Colima. The battle of the bally-hoo turned away thousands at Vernon. The boys split a purse of ten grand. Colima won the nod.

The defeat of Mushy Callahan in Chicago, and Fidel LaBarba in Boston, gave the "I told you so" boys at home something to crow about.

To the best of my ability this writer will gladly give any fighter information on the game in California. There are a number of thriving centers and local favorites and good boys are making money. Address me at 5007½ S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

WESTERN GOSSIP

By HAROLD WELSH

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, is about the busiest boxer in the West today. Petrolle, Russie Leroy and their popular manager, Jack Hurley have been barnstorming through the West and also their native Dakotas with brilliant success. Petrolle, recently knocked out Les Murray, the Australian, in Milwaukee, and followed this up with a victory over Willie Ames, in Duluth, and also a kayo victory over Frankie Francisco in Grand Forks, N. D. Petrolle's knockout victories over Eddie Wagner, Johnny Adams and others stamp him along with Billy Wallace, of Cleveland, as the foremost contenders for the lightweight crown.

Billy Wallace, the transplanted Coast lightweight who now claims Cleveland for his home, may get a crack at Sammy Mandell and the lightweight title if Walter Taylor, Cleveland promoter, is successful in securing Eddie Kane's consent to the match. Wallace, since coming here, has knocked out Louis "Kid" Kaplan, Cuddy DeMarco, Maxie Holub and Tommy Farley and has defeated Harry "Kid" Brown and Babe Herman, Lou Paluso, Leo Flynn's lightweight was the only boy to defeat Billy.

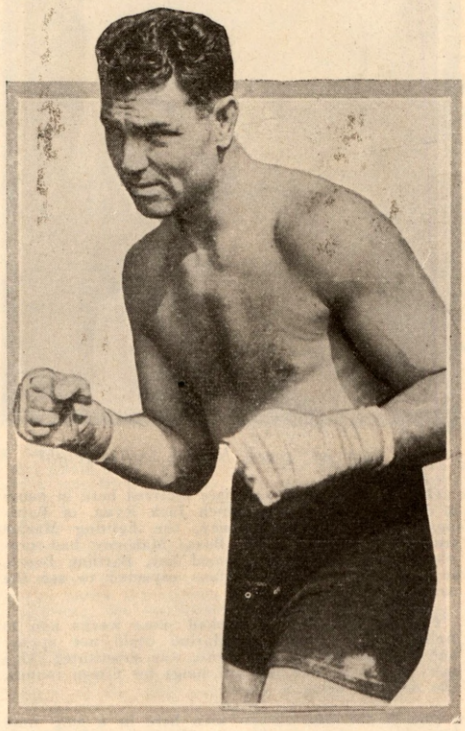
Norman Genet, the Akron Iron Man, still battles on. Only recently he gave Russie Leroy a whale of a fight in ten rounds at Duluth. Genet made one hundred and fifty pounds and weakened himself but he gave Leroy a whale of a fight at that. Leroy only recently boxed a draw with Spug Meyers, Churchill's great Idaho junior welterweight.

Jim Mullen has sold out for five consecutive shows in Chicago and the latest, the Taylor-Shea battle, turned fans away from the Coliseum. Bud won as usual and is without a bit of doubt, the uncrowned king of the bantams.

Dave Shade, the Californian, always a favorite in the West, returned, after a long absence, and defeated Walcott Langford rather easily in the other big bout on Mullen's show. Dave scored two knockdowns and looked better than even. Shade is a sure winner if he ever fights Walker.

Jimmy Dunn is still in the game at Cleveland, and along with the veteran Carl Tremaine is handling several youngsters. Carl stopped Howard Mayberry in six rounds at Cleveland recently.

Tony Ross, the Pittsburgh junior welterweight may journey to Australia soon for a series of five bouts. Ross has fought the best and is well liked around the West. He recently boxed a draw with



Jack Dempsey, whose 'comeback' will be keenly watched.

Ted Blatt in Denver and defeated Reddy Blanchard and Tony Burns in bouts at Akron, O.

Maxie Holub, the clever Akron junior lightweight made a hit in the Garden recently when he held Eddie Anderson even in an eight-round bout. Suey Welch is rematched Holum and Anderson in Akron.

Leo Genet, younger brother of Norman Genet, is winning bout after bout in the welterweight division. He appears to have a brilliant future.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENDRICKS, Jr.

Chick Suggs, the colored flash from New Bedford, Mass., swarmed all over Jimmy Mendo, of Philadelphia, in twelve rounds here on February 1. Suggs showed plenty of class.

Len Darcy, of Detroit, topped Hilliard Pfann, of Cleveland, in the sixth round of the scheduled eight-round semi-final. Kayo Morgan, of Toledo, won from Frank Young, of Detroit, in six rounds. Sammy Lupica, of Toledo, outslugged Danny Huff, of Dayton, in another six-rounder. This was the first boxing show of its kind staged in Toledo, all bouts on the card being mixed matches, and was promoted by the Toledo Colored A. C.

Joe Dailey, a matchmaker of the Toledo A. C., has announced his plans to stage a lightweight elimination tournament to determine the leading lightweights of the middle west.

Frankie Spiegel, of Milwaukee, who has performed quite cleverly here on several occasions, met crushing defeat at the hands of Gyp Williams, of Toledo. Spiegel was sent to the resin for the full count in the second round.

Luis Carpentero, local Filipino, won decisively from Joe McKean, of Detroit, in ten rounds. Art Knopp of Toledo, romped through to a win over Bobby Rendely, also of Toledo, in ten rounds. Kayo Morgan, of Toledo, shaded Patsy Willard, of Detroit, in the six-round curtain raiser.

Joe Sekyra, Dayton light-heavyweight, toppled Duke Jachimiak, of Philadelphia, is short order on February 18th. Jachimiak, billed as champ of the Army, Navy and Marines, failed to last through the second round against the hard-socking lad from down state.

The semi-final was an interesting setto between Jack Pinney, of Toledo, and Red Halloway, of Indianapolis. Honors were about even at the finish.

Art Knopp, young Toledo lightweight, is making rapid strides in the game of fistcuffs. Just recently he had the fans standing on their chairs when he made a great showing against Champion Sammy Mandell in gym workout. His latest bout resulted in a victory over Steve O'Malley in ten rounds at Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

IN TORONTO

By JACK JARVIS

The Canadian lightweight controversy, has been settled for all time. The Canadian Boxing Federation, after sorting out all the best available talent, nominated Chris Newton, and Cliff Graham to battle it out for the Canadian lightweight supremacy and the Bickell Belt, emblematic of the title.

Playfair Brown lost no time in getting these two to sign. Newton, boxing the best fight of his career, knocked Graham glassy-eyed to the canvas in the ninth round after a sensational setto.

Encouraged by the support he got from fandom at the Newton-Graham show, which drew a packed house, Playfair Brown has signed Larruping Larry Gains, the Negro, and Soldier Horace Jones for the heavyweight championship of the dominion.

Little Frenchy Bellanger, and Joe McKean, fought a slam-bang bout in the semi-final to the Newton-Graham championship affair.

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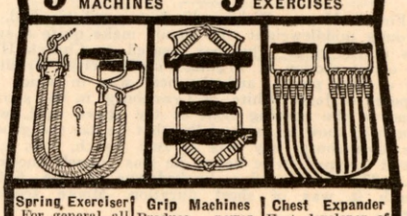

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IN AUSTRALIA
By R. A. CUMES

Billy Grime is the most discussed boxer in Australia today. That Billy is a high-class performer no one can deny. That he is deserving of such praise that classes him with Griffo is questionable.

Grime is feather, light and welter champion of Australia. The last named title was gained at the expense of Eddie Butcher Grime defeated Butcher in three rounds. Butcher cannot be considered as being up to the standard of championship class. Nevertheless, he is a useful customer.

Among Butcher's best performances during the past year the names of Izzy Tanner (U. S. A.), Ivan Laffaneur (France), Jack Cameron (Aus.) and Fred Brock (Aus) appear. Butcher won all except the battle with Laffaneur

Grime has a wonderful record: Spec Ramies, (U. S. A.), Bert Spargo (Aus.), T. Pandong (P. I.), Joe Fox (Eng.), Ansel Bell (U S A), Gavino De Leon (P I.), Tenorio Pelkey (P. I.), Danny Frush (Eng.), Ignacio Fernandez (P. I.), Teddy Murton (Eng), Johnny Reisler (U. S. A.) are a few that have fallen to defeat at the hands of the Aussie. As Grime is making a trip to America shortly, and, I believe, is to be handled by Jimmy De Forest, his measurements may be of interest:

Height, 5 ft. 5 ins; weight, 9 St.; Reach, 67½ in.; chest, normal, 34½, expanded, 36½; waist, 28½ ins.; upper arm, 12½; forearm, 10½; thigh, 19½; calf, 13.

Tiger Payne, colored American cruiserweight, who has had a successful run in this country, met with defeat at the hands of George Cook (Aus.)

This contest was for the heavy title, held by

Bert Brown, Montreal, Canada, featherweight. He is making New York his home.

Payne. The latter had come into possession by reason of his one-round knockout over Geo Thompson. Having the best part of two stone in weight, Cook came out a winner on points after twenty rounds.

Alf Stewart (Aus.) knocked out Ernest Tyncke, the Belgium middleweight in 16 rounds.

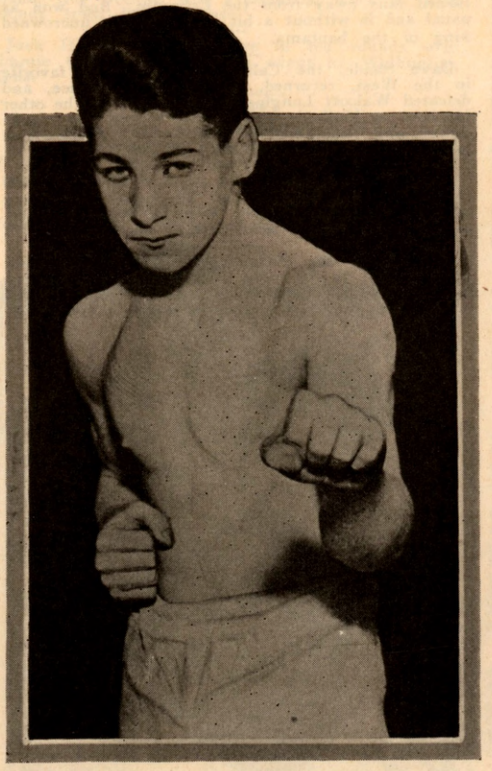
NOTES FROM VIRGINIA
By RODY DAVIS

The Richmond Grays' Athletic Association has been reorganized and the first fistic program under the management of the new club was held on February 22, 1927, showing two ten-round main bouts and a good prelim.

"Firpo" Moore, Richmond's last pugilistic find, is a young middleweight who should make quite a success in the ring. This boy, reared on Church Hill, the oldest section of Vrginia's capitol city, certainly has a nifty punch, and the neat way in which he disposed of Jesse White, of Lynchburg, in the second round of the opening bout of the above card, was enough to show his home folks that he has the goods. The Lynchburg boy has a real punch, too, and floored "Firpo" twice before he was himself knocked out. There were five knokcdowns in the fight, though it was of short duration, Moore scoring three.

The first of the feature bouts was to have been between Jack Cody, Washington, D. C., fighter, and Frankie Masonis, Army lightweight champ. Unfortunately Masonis was badly hurt by an airplane at Langley Field bout ten days before the scheduled bout and could not appear. Billy Harris, Army fighter from Morgantown, West Virginia, substituted for Masonis and at the last moment Joe Belmont was secured to go on instead of Cody. These boys fought a draw.

The last bout showed George Leslie against the clever Terry O'Day, of Washington. Leslie received the verdict after a fast, clean scrap, which was thoroughly enjoyed. Both men showed plenty of class. They are featherweights, Leslie being from the Army.



Len Harvey, crack British welterweight

One of the biggest surprises received here in many a day was the licking which Jack Ryan, of Baltimore, gave Young Mahoney, the fighting Marine from the Norfolk Naval Base. Mahoney had previously trimmed the Richmond boy, Battling Booth, in a fifteen rounder and fans expected to see the same dose meted to Ryan.

Frankie Masonis was booked some weeks ago to fight Mahoney and the Marine could not appear and Red Leonard, of Baltimore, was substituted. This pair went at it hammer and tongs for fifteen rounds, the decision being a draw.

One of the best scraps seen here in a long time was the one between Mannie Sharkey, of Baltimore, and Terry O'Day, of Washington. This pair met on February 26, and the bout, which went the limit, twelve rounds, Mannie winning.

Capt. T. S. Wharton, adjutant of the 183rd Infantry, is secretary of the new Grays' Athletic Association, while Capt. Bernard Meredith is chairman of the membership committee Rody Davis, of Richmond, is the club's matchmaker. Boxing shows are to be held at the Armory, Seventh and Marshall Sts., Richmond, monthly.

BOXING IN HAVANA
By MILTON BARON

PAL MORAN and YOUNG MANUEL put up one of the best fights seen here in a long time. From beginning to end, Young Manuel, the Cuban southpaw who makes his home in Tampa, Fla., gained a well-earned victory, but Moran left no doubt in the local fans' minds, that he is the classiest lightweight that ever stepped into a Havana ring. Moran, is booked to meet Ponce de Leon, Cuba's welterweight champion in a 15-round bout, and the fans are looking forward for a real scrap.

YOUNG MANUEL, improves with every start. He has made a tremendous hit with the customers here, and there's no reason at all why he shouldn't be wearing the lightweight crown of Cuba, as he already has beaten Cirilin Olano the present champion, in a ten-round decision bout. Young Manuel has also decisions over Armando Shakels, the Belgian star, and his services are in great demand.

LALO DOMINGUEZ lost a close decision to Cirilin Olano. Lalo just needed this fight under his belt. He is now ready to meet any of the lightweights in Cuba, and outsiders, too.

CIRILIN OLANO broke his right mit in the third round, and used his good sense by a continuous left jab and hook, which kept Lalo at bay on dangerous times. Cirilin certainly needs to do lots of training. He will show the fans that he still posseses some of the pep which he had when he knocked out Clonie Tait, in the recent lightweight elimination tournament.

RAUL ROJAS scored a one-round knockout over Manolo Fernandez, and Andres Castano, fast heavyweight from Spain, put his opponent to sleep in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout. Castano is quite a sensation here, and will be given fights right along.

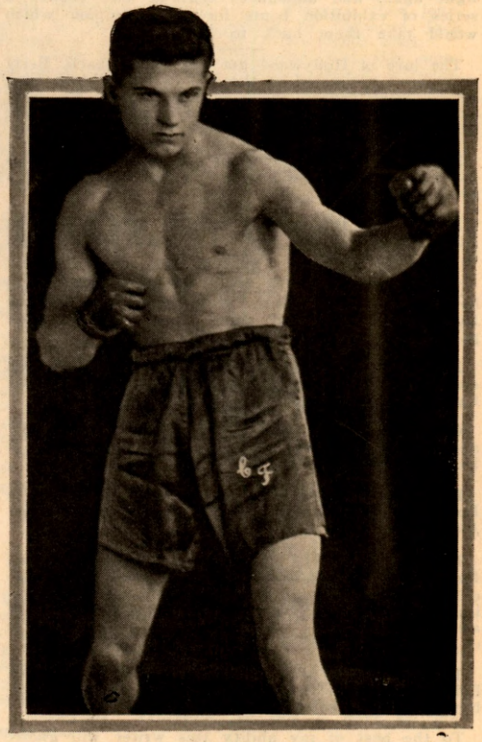
RELAMPAGO SAGUERO, classy lightweight, knocked out GENE FERNANDEZ in the fourth round. Saguero is a mighty speedy youngster, and hasn't lost a fight in his last twenty starts.

With a little more polishing, Relampago will make it hot for any of the present crop of lightweights around these quarters.

PONCE DE LEON, local welter champ, is fighting with great success in the southern states. Ponce is knocking his opponents out and cleaning up lots of dough. Ponce will soon return to Havana.

KID CHAROL, middleweight champion and idol of Havana, is shown in Buenos Aires cleaning up the boxers, likewise the greenbacks. Charol's latest victim was Bossio, Italian light-heavy champ, who Charol knocked out in four rounds.

Charol is expected back in Cuba, to meet the winner of the elimination tournament, but there is hardly anyone of the contenders that looks like a possible winner over the speedy Cuban middleweight champion.



Frank Clarkie, Chicago welterweight, a trouble-maker for the 147-pounders.

RAMON PEREZ, the best bantamweight Cuba possesses right now, is anxiously waiting for Genaro Pino to return from the United States. Perez's manager is trying hard to get a match for the championship.

ANISIO ORBETA, crack Cuban lightweight, has just returned from the United States where he won a number of fights, asd will soon be seen in action here.

GOOD BOXERS with good records, desirous of obtaining bouts here, may write to CHARLES PUJOL, Ayesteran 12, HAVANA, CUBA. Pujol is well known here and is able to secure bouts for classy fighters.

JOSE ARGUELLES scored a three-round knockout over Joe Castillo, both flyweights. Arguelles has yet to be beaten, and certainly looks like a comer. A right cross to the chin put Castillo down for the full count in the third round.

Havana promoters are preparing for a busy summer. Several importations from the United States and South America will be seen in action. Local fans like to see the small boys in action.

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